

THE AMERICAN

JUNE

# LEGION

1940

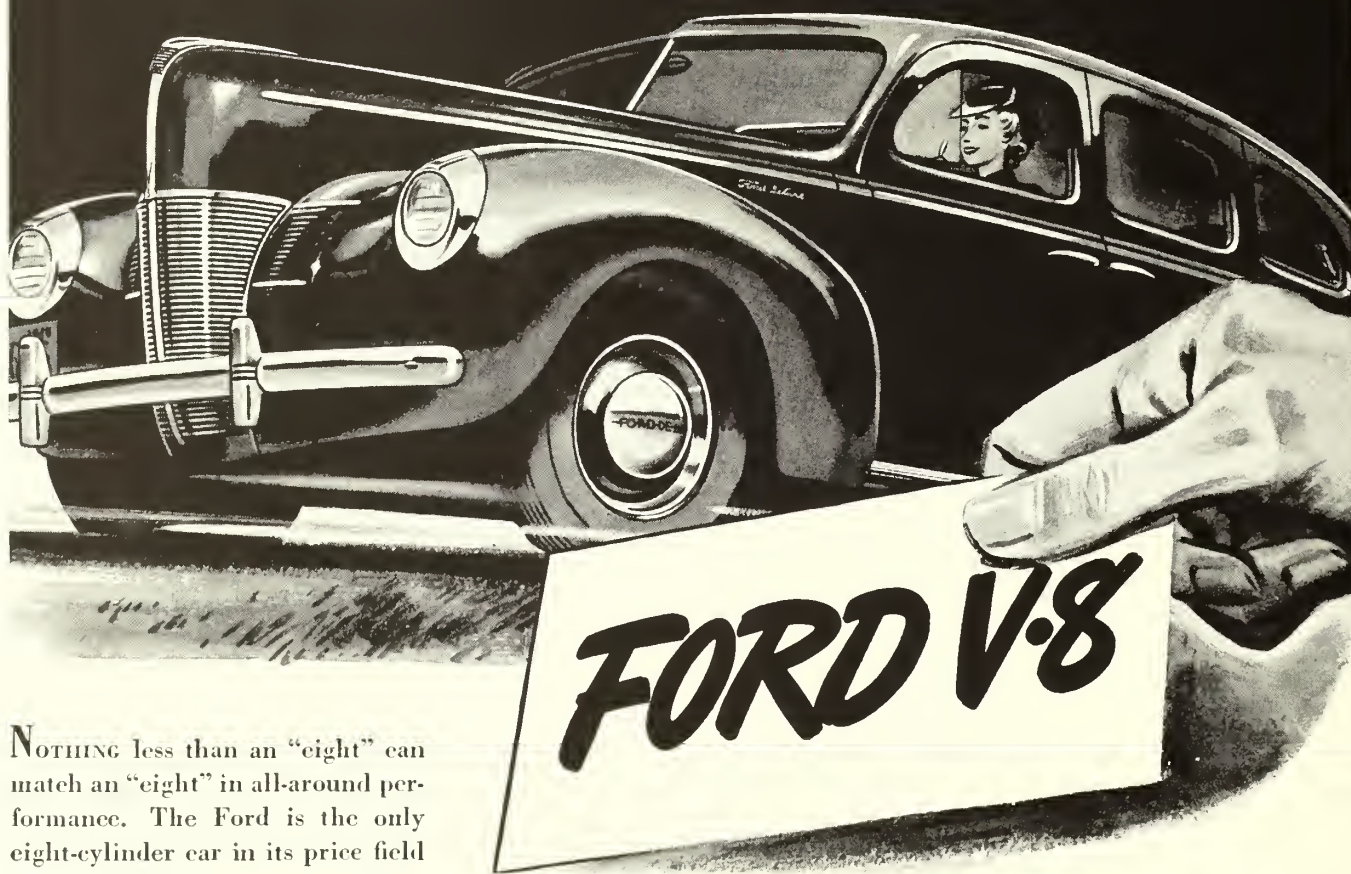
MAGAZINE



"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."



# It takes an eight to beat an eight



Nothing less than an "eight" can match an "eight" in all-around performance. The Ford is the only eight-cylinder car in its price field — smoother and more fun to drive.

In the things that really count, the big, roomy Ford is ahead of its field. It has the biggest hydraulic brakes. A uniquely stabilized chassis. The only full torque-tube drive. The most rugged rear axle.

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any other. It's the fastest and most powerful of the leading low-price cars. Drive it and learn where your dollars buy the most automobile!

#### IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH THE FORD DEALER

He is ready, willing and anxious to trade — any make. Before you buy any car, let him show you how easy it is to own a new Ford V-8. Prices are low and include equipment for which you often must pay extra.

Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940.



## STEP UP TO THE V-8 CLASS





Illustration by  
PAUL F. BERDANIER, SR.

WITH Denmark and Norway drawn into the spreading European war, which as I write seems also likely to engulf Belgium, Holland, Sweden, as well as other countries, there looms before us Americans the greatest question we, as a people, have faced since 1917.

Shall we go in?

Taking into account every known angle of the confused and complex situation in which the world finds itself today, we must still refuse, as we refused last September, to be dragged into this war—unless our national safety is imperiled.

Only twenty-three years ago, we Americans entered the World War with a profound conviction that we were fighting for the preservation of Democracy.

The close of the World War and subsequent events during these past twenty-three years, have brought about the disillusionment and realization that the winner and the loser of such a conflict must suffer the consequences alike.

Our penalty, the same as that of other nations, was the complete disruption of our economic machinery, bringing about

ten years of depression—correctly named, but grossly misunderstood.

There are millions still unemployed—billions of dollars are being paid in additional taxes—hospitals are still filled with thousands of veterans, wrecked mentally and physically, all of them once the flower of American manhood—someone's father, brother or sweetheart, but each one of them some mother's son.

The cost to the world approximated two hundred and fifty billion dollars. With this staggering sum we could have built homes, costing twenty-five hundred dollars each, on five acre plots of ground, costing one hundred dollars an acre.

We could have equipped each of those homes with a thousand dollars worth of furniture, and given such a home to every family in Russia, Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, England, Australia, Holland and the United States of America.

In those lands we could have given to every community of forty thousand people or more, a two-million-dollar library, a three-million-dollar hospital, and a ten-million-dollar university.

By CAPTAIN EDDIE  
RICKENBACKER

And if we could have invested the balance that would have been left in a way that would have brought a rate of five percent annually, there would have been sufficient to pay an annual salary, of one thousand dollars each, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand school teachers, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand nurses.

The cost to these United States—direct and indirect, continued up to date—has totaled approximately forty-seven billion dollars.

If we had placed this staggering sum into peacetime circulation—we would not now have millions of unemployed, plus the direct loss of fifty thousand men, and approximately two hundred and fifty thousand casualties.

Well could we rid ourselves, with this vast sum, of the slums of our great cities—the misery and poverty that go with them.

(Continued on page 42)



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion*

JUNE, 1940

# The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 28, No. 6

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
150 West 48th St., New York City

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## IMPORTANT

*A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.*

CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S article, *Let's Keep Out*, is one of the soundest pieces of Americanism we have seen in many a moon. It merits the closest attention of every person who loves the United States, and should be copied widely. Legionnaire Eddie, as everybody knows, was America's Ace of Aces in the 1917-'18 affair. He has been for years president of Eastern Air Lines. The body of the article is taken from a speech which he delivered before a group of advertising men in New York City early in April. When the editors of your magazine asked Eddie for permission to use the speech the Germans were already overrunning Denmark and Norway, and Eddie used that circumstance as a new "lead" for the article, which we regard as so important that we are leading off with it.

THE Navy wants aviators. Here is a grand chance for any young fellow who can qualify. Candidates must have passed their twentieth birthday and be under twenty-seven, unmarried, never have been married and must agree to remain unmarried during the first two of their four years of active duty. The Navy wants fellows who have had two years of college or its equivalent; they must of course pass the physical test, when they will be enlisted in the Naval Reserve and given a preliminary or elimination course lasting thirty days. During this month they will draw down approximately \$114. If they make good they will then be sent to Pensacola as Aviation Cadets, where they will be given seven months' training at the pay of \$75 a month, with all necessary uniforms thrown in. The successful conclusion of this training

brings the rating of ensign, with \$227.50 a month. The rest is up to the boy.

Applications are being received by the Commanding Officer, Naval Aviation Base, at each of the following thirteen Naval Reserve Aviation Bases: Squantum, Massachusetts; Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York; Navy Yard, Philadelphia; Naval Air Station, Anacostia, District of Columbia; Opa Locka, Miami, Florida; Grosse Ile, Detroit; Glenview, Illinois; Wold-Chamberlain Airport, Minneapolis; Robertson, Missouri; Municipal Airport, Kansas City, Kansas; Cherry and Wardlaw Streets, Long Beach, California; Municipal Airport, Oakland, California; Naval Air Station, Seattle, Washington.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS returns to our pages this month with some timely advice to the thousands of young men and women coming out of our schools and colleges. Most of them will be unable to make contact with a payroll, of course. That circumstance does not mean that these youngsters won't have their chance. The resources of the nation in which they live and the form of government under which we operate are the greatest guarantee we know of under the sun that the problem of unemployment which now plagues us is going to be solved. As Mr. Adams points out, the thousands of research laboratories all over the nation are hatching the industries of tomorrow which will launch us on the road to national prosperity. As Bacon said more than three centuries ago: "They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1940 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Raymond J. Kelly, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y., Vice Chairman. Members of Commission: William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Lynn Stambaugh, Fargo, N. D.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; John J. Wicker, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; John B. McDade, Scranton, Pa.; Robert L. Colflesh, Des Moines, Ia.; Dwight Griswold, Gordon, Neb.; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Tex.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Vilas H. Whaley, Racine, Wis.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Director of Advertising, Frederick L. Maguire; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, Edward M. Stevenson; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.



# CAN WE FORGET THEM?

*The Cooties of 1918 Vintage Died, But Never Surrendered*

By Wallgren

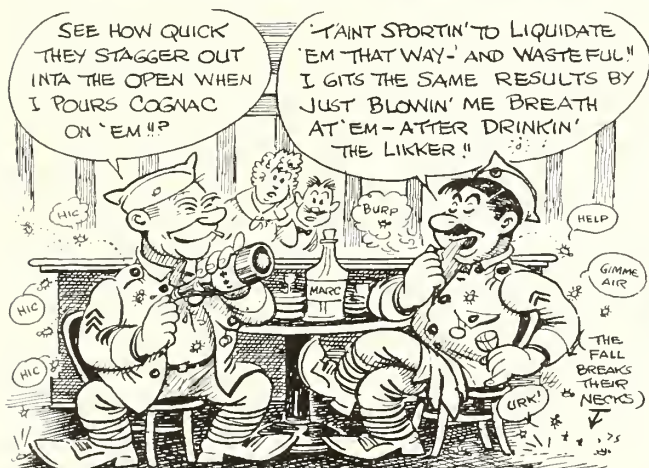


... SOME SUBJECTED THEM TO "THE ORDEAL BY FIRE" - WHICH FRIED THE EGGS - AND UNIFORMS TOO.



A "BLITZKRIEG" OF SHEER BRUTALITY WAS ADOPTED BY MANY A WOULD-BE ANNIHILATOR - BUT ALL THEY GOT WAS PLENTY OF EXERCISE ...

... SOME EVEN MADE FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO DIS- LODGE THEM ON THEIR OWN HOME GROUNDS.



A FEW MARTYRS WENT TO EXTREMES TO EVACUATE THE VARMINTS FROM THEIR HIDDEN FASTNESSES BY RENDERING THEM HORS DU COMBAT, HUMANELY, IN ADVANCE.



... AND BECAUSE IT WAS "DEFENDU" TO BRING THEM INTO A LEAVE AREA - OR ABOARD A U.S. BOUND TRANSPORT - PLENTY OF SELF CONTROL HAD TO BE EXHIBITED TO LET ON YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF YOUR PETS -



WHICH YOU NEVER REALLY DID UNTIL YOU FINALLY WOUND UP LOOKING SOME- THING LIKE THIS - FRESH OUT OF THE DELOUSER.

(NOT LOVELY MEMORIES NOT TO HAVE - NEZ PAS ?)





*Illustrations by*

HERBERT  
MORTON  
STOOPS



"Take hold of the mane," said the colonel, "and you won't bounce up and down like that"

# the **GENERAL'S**

## hat cord

by

LEONARD  
H. NASON

**S**HORTLY after noon of an August day, a squadron of cavalry, two hundred men and horses, trotted swiftly through the woods into the wilderness of the Herring River Valley. Gun boots slapped, saddles creaked, ammunition boxes on machine gun led-horses clattered and bounced. The pace was terrific, the horses lathered with excitement. Men's hats blew off, to hang about their necks by the chin straps, while the yellow hat cords that marked their owners as cavalymen dangled in the wind. At the head of the column a civilian turned to an officer by whose side he rode.

"Cheese, Colonel Tiffany," panted the civilian, "where's the fire?"

"I have six miles to go in forty-five minutes, McGonigal!" snapped the colonel. "Take hold of the mane and you won't bounce up and down in your saddle like that!"

"The battle is goin' to last all night, ain't it?" pleaded McGonigal. "Five minutes more or less won't make no difference. Only to me. I'll be split in two if we keep on like this!"

Colonel Tiffany rose and fell in the saddle with the trotting motion of his horse.

"I told you when you asked me to let you come that this would be rugged," said he. "I knew you'd be in the way. What the hell did you come with the cavalry for if you couldn't ride a horse?"

"Ah, gee!" gulped McGonigal. "I'm a free lance journalist. Gotta sell a yarn about this sham battle or I'll be out two days' jack for eats an' train fare. I ast 'em in the press bureau where to go to get a good yarn an' they says, 'Go with the cavalry, it'll be a riot.'"

Colonel Tiffany looked grimly ahead through his horse's ears.

"Why didn't you follow us in a car?" he demanded.

"I got my pride," chattered McGonigal, teeth rattling with the pounding of his horse. "I wouldn't write no yarn about cavalry from an automobile."

"You could have written it about the infantry we're going to fight. They're motorized. All in trucks. Two thousand





**"Stand still, will yuh? I want to go just as bad as you do"**

with hopeful interest.

"While you're talkin' things over, colonel," said McGonigal, "I'm goin' to slip over there an' have a pop. I'm just about dead from this bumpin'."

McGonigal steered his horse across the road and slipped from the saddle with the happy sigh of a man getting in bed.

Far down the road a lone horseman waved his hand.

"The advance guard signals the road is clear, sir," said Lieutenant Dunphy.

"Let's go! Forward, ho!"

The long column clanked into motion with the dust-raising clatter of a freight train. McGonigal's horse, fearing lest his companions were going to be fed and he not be there with them, endeavored to follow them down the road, but McGonigal being on foot, and clinging steadily to the reins, the horse's progress

in the step. I got to write a story about the fight with the infantry."

"There won't be no fight, the way that cavalry was goin'," said the soft drink man. "The infantry all went by here half an hour ago. Headed the other way in trucks."

"How do yuh know?"

"Why, I could tell. They all had on blue hat cords. Same as the cavalry wear yellow. I can tell 'em. I go to all the maneuvers."

McGonigal having reached the saddle, the soft drink man let go the horse's head. The impatient steed at once departed down the road, giving, with McGonigal's wildly waving arms, the impression of a gorged buzzard trying to fly. When the horse finally ran himself into a state of quiet, there was no sign of the squadron.

McGonigal, in despair at ever finding the colonel again, came suddenly from the wooded highway into open country. To the west, as far as he could see, were rolling pastures, wild woods, isolated farms, and the forested slopes of Terry Mountain. The horse, having also despaired of finding the squadron, stopped and began to crop the grass with fiendish energy. McGonigal peered far and wide, shading his hand as he had seen scouts do in the movies. Suddenly his gaze was

men, a whole brigade, against my poor two hundred!"

"Gee!" exclaimed McGonigal. "I ain't no soldier. I'm just a member of the workin' press, but two hundred against two thousand don't make sense."

"The man in command of the brigade we are going to fight is a general named Heidekooper," explained Colonel Tiffany. "He's one of the big mainsprings down in Washington. The officers that are running the maneuver gave him my squadron to massacre. Like meat to the lions!"

"How come?" stuttered McGonigal. "Gee, this horse puts his feet down hard! How come your squadron is meat to the lions?"

"Because General Heidekooper has said that cavalry has no place on the battlefield, and if he can destroy my squadron, he thinks that will prove it."

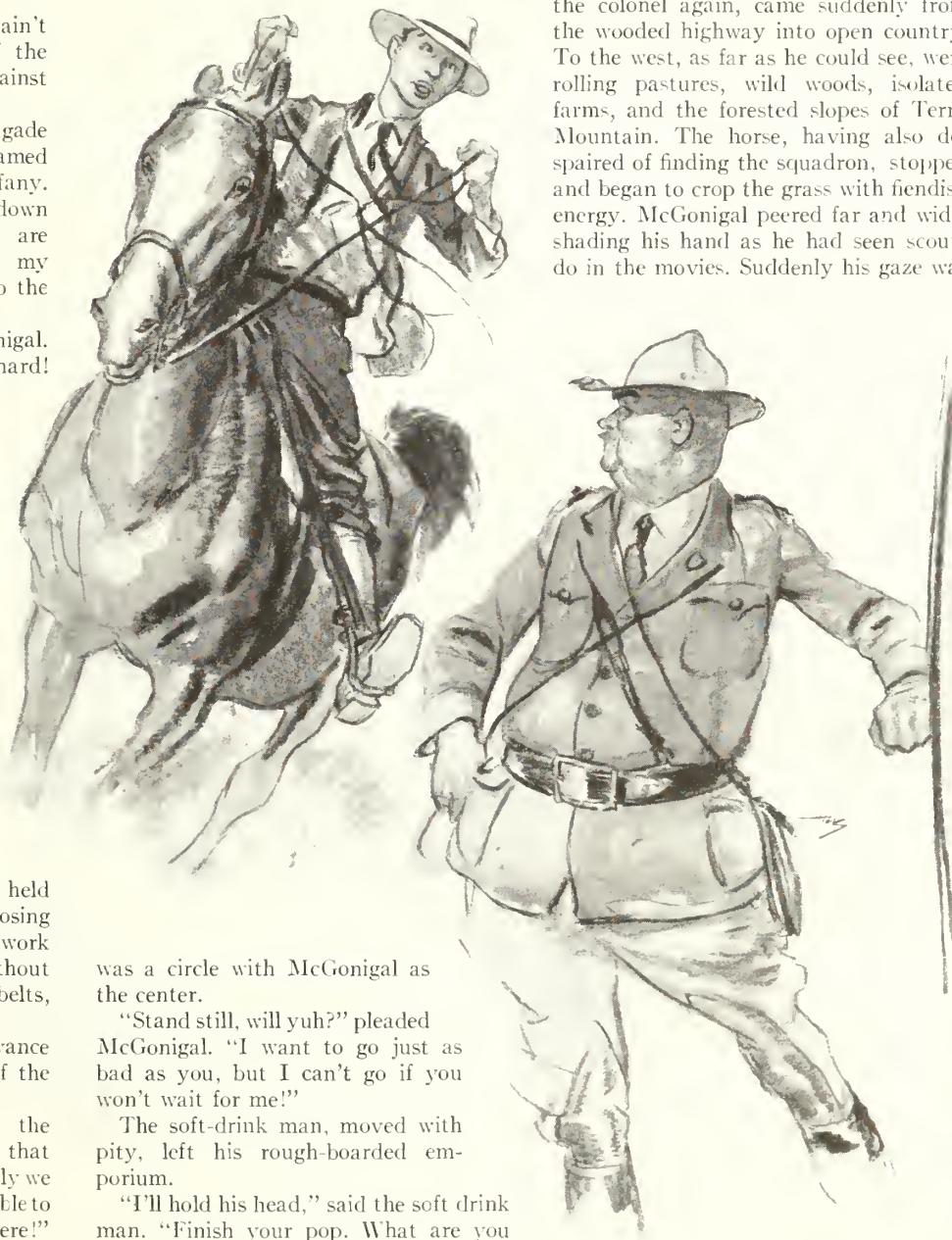
McGonigal flopped along painfully without answering.

The column surged out onto a main highway and halted, sweeping under the trees to take shelter against aircraft. Eastward and westward stretched the road, coming out of a wooded valley to the west, curving away toward the ocean to the east. The road was empty. Military police at either end held up civilian traffic so that the opposing forces, Blues and Blacks, might work their will on each other freely and without hindrance. An officer, all hung with belts, map, and pistol, clattered up.

"Sir," he reported, "the advance guard have galloped ahead to see if the road is clear."

"Fine, Dunphy, fine!" exulted the colonel. He hastily consulted a map that dangled at his side. "By George, if only we can get to that ridge in time, we'll be able to seize it before the infantry can get there!"

McGonigal, rolling his eyes in thirsty agony about him, discovered a hot dog and soft drink stand across the road, its proprietor eyeing these dusty warriors



was a circle with McGonigal as the center.

"Stand still, will yuh?" pleaded McGonigal. "I want to go just as bad as you, but I can't go if you won't wait for me!"

The soft-drink man, moved with pity, left his rough-boarded emporium.

"I'll hold his head," said the soft drink man. "Finish your pop. What are you doin' with them cavalry? I didn't know they used horse soldiers any more!"

"I'm from the press!" panted McGonigal. "Here, hold him until I get my foot

**"Who are you?" he rasped at the civilian**



arrested. He saw a tent with a large white flag flying, a red square sewn in its center.

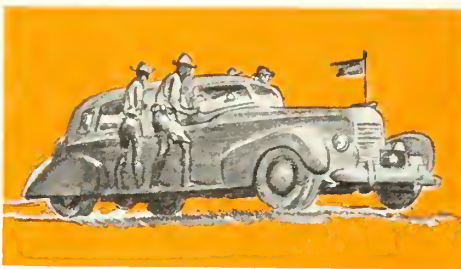
"Them's umpires," muttered McGonigal. "I'll go ask them. They'll know."

He dragged up his horse's head, and pulling on the tiller ropes, steered the steed into the field toward the tent.

"Fine!" rejoiced McGonigal as he drew near the tent. "There's a cavalryman there. I see a guy in a yellow hat cord."

In maneuvers, to replace bullets and shells, umpires are employed. These umpires go with the troops, and when forces meet, by counting the number and type of weapons each possesses, and the tactics the opposing sides employ, decide which one has defeated the other. The umpires have to work twice as hard as anyone else, and so have tents provided here and there to which they may retire and rest.

As McGonigal appeared, he beheld



**A huge limousine with a star above the license plate**

a large green automobile decorated with a red shield-and-star on the bumper, an army license plate, and a large blue flag. The man he had seen in the yellow hat cord came cursing from the empty tent.

"No umpires around, of course, when you want them," raged yellow hat cord. "Like cops. Probably ran into the woods when they saw me coming."

McGonigal thumped up.

"Hey, Jack," he cried, "where's the rest of your gang?"

The man in the yellow hat cord winced as though he had been stung. He had a hard-bitten face with chilled steel eyes. He noted McGonigal's civilian attire,

his trousers that had climbed his shins and showed disheveled socks, his honest face reddened by sweat of march and violent bumping.

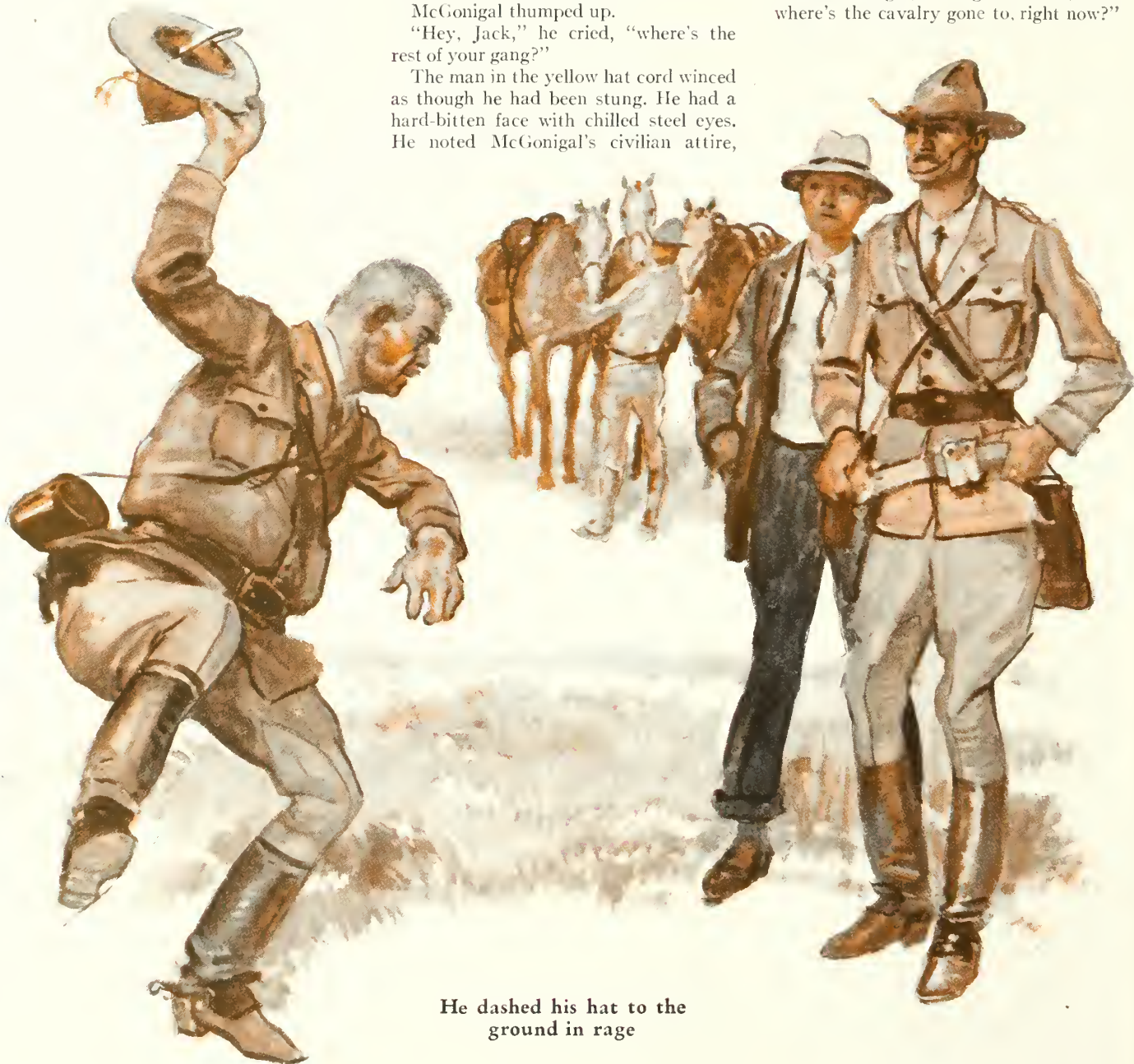
"Who are you?" The yellow-hat-cord man's voice sounded like a steel held down upon an emery wheel.

"Press," said McGonigal.

The face beneath the yellow hat cord wreathed in a smile. "Press?" he crowed. "Oh, you want to know where my brigade is! Lattimer, bring me out that map. Good grief, here's a reporter. We'll get this in the morning editions."

He clapped his hands, happy as a child. Open he swung the great map that the chauffeur brought him. "You see this road? My infantry highballed through here half an hour ago at forty miles an hour. They'll catch the National Guard in their bivouacs. My plan is to envelop from the north and drive the Blacks into the wilderness south of Shaw Mountain."

"Yeh, I know, Jack, that's all swell," said McGonigal, waving his hand, "but where's the cavalry gone to, right now?"



**He dashed his hat to the ground in rage**



"The cavalry?" The man in the yellow hat cord laughed harshly. "I have no idea where they are. They were probably destroyed by my advance guard an hour ago."

"You lost, too?" asked McGonigal in sympathetic tones.

"Lost? Me? Hell, no! I'm not in the cavalry!"

"Then what are you wearin' that yellow hat cord for?"

The hard-faced man swallowed what he seemed to start to say. "That's not a yellow hat cord," he gulped finally. "That's gold. I command the Blue Infantry."

McGonigal dragged his horse's head from the grass.

"Sorry," said he, "but I gotta be goin'. I can't do anything for the infantry today; I'm assigned to the cavalry." He steered his reluctant steed out to the road again.

"Come back! Come back!" roared the man with the yellow hat cord. "You don't know how to spell my name!"

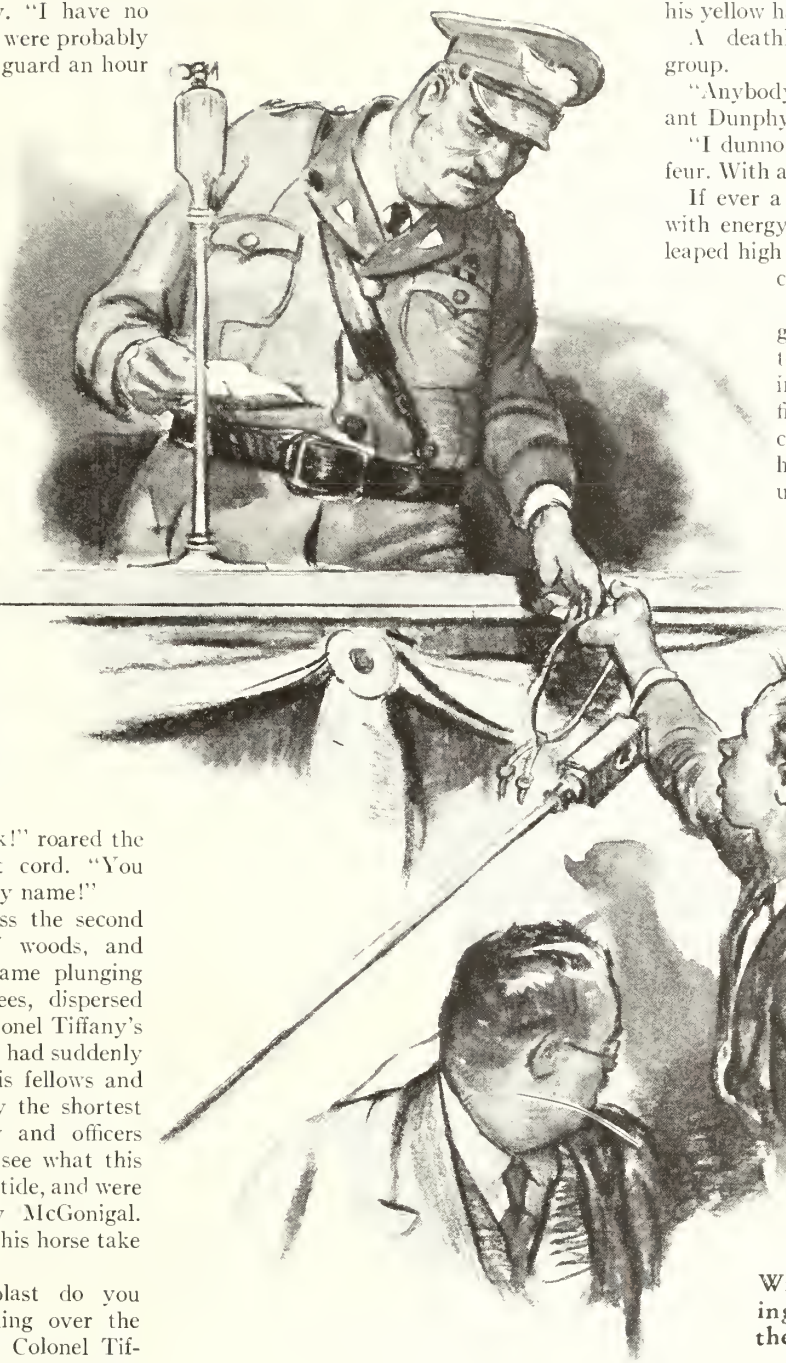
Behind the ridges, across the second pasture, was a fringe of woods, and here McGonigal's horse came plunging to a stop. Under the trees, dispersed against air attack, was Colonel Tiffany's cavalry. McGonigal's horse had suddenly scented two hundred of his fellows and had gone there at once by the shortest direction. Colonel Tiffany and officers came in from the field to see what this hurried messenger might betide, and were disappointed to find only McGonigal. He got down hurriedly lest his horse take him elsewhere again.

"What the blistered blast do you mean, McGonigal, by riding over the skyline like that?" chided Colonel Tiffany. "Don't you know we are waiting here to ambush the infantry? You blunderer, you'll give the whole position away!"

"Well, don't get your bowels in an uproar over that," replied McGonigal. "The infantry has all gone by half an hour ago."

"What's that? What do you mean by that?" All drew near to hear McGonigal's explanation.

McGonigal walked a few steps with



**With the spotlights beating on them he handed up the hat cord to the general**

pain. "The guy in the hot-dog stand said the infantry all went through in trucks half an hour ago. He knows. He goes to all the maneuvers."

The colonel choked. There could be no such thing. The infantry could not have gone so fast.

"There was a cavalryman down by the umpire's tent," protested McGonigal, "that said the same thing. He seen 'em. He had a map as big as a house he showed me his disposition on. Huh. As if it didn't show on his own map!"

"A cavalryman by the umpire's tent? But I've had no reports of infantry passing. This thing must be checked up. We have lack of communication here. What did this man look like?" Colonel Tiffany queried.

"Well, he was kind of old an' tough,

an' he had a blue thing on his hat under his yellow hat cord."

A deathlike silence fell upon the group.

"Anybody with him?" asked Lieutenant Dunphy with nervous brittleness.

"I dunno. He had a car with a chauffeur. With a star on it."

If ever a man seemed about to burst with energy it was Colonel Tiffany. He leaped high in air, his face suffused with crimson.

"The Blue general!" he gurgled. "You've been talking to the infantry general! The infantry general was just two fields away and you didn't come to tell us. We could have captured a general. Oh, unheard-of thing that never

could have happened. A bunch of milishy capture a regular general!"

"Well, don't look now," advised McGonigal, "but here comes an automobile loaded with generals on both running boards."

Down a bumpy road that crossed the fields came a huge green limousine, flying a blue flag and decorated with a red shield and star above the license plate, apparently guided and guarded by men in yellow hat-cords.

"It's a general's limousine!" husked Colonel Tiffany.

The limousine halted. The men on the running board got down. "We've captured the general!" they sang in chorus.

The door of the limousine burst open and the hard-faced man that McGonigal had seen by the (Continued on page 46)





A British military radio unit, sending and receiving orders and other information. At right, one of the numerous receiving stations. They catch everything



# MARS GRABS

**T**WENTY-FOUR hours a day, from a hundred stations, on a hundred wave-lengths and in forty-three languages, Germany, France and Britain pour forth radio propaganda. Some of it breeds hate; some of it is warm and friendly. By turns it is smashingly brutal and winningly subtle. Sometimes it is stirring, sometimes humorous. But always it is an engrossing show.

This new kind of warfare has three objectives. To weaken the enemy by destroying civilian morale behind his battle lines; to build morale at home; and to win the sympathy of neutrals.

You Americans at home hear only the short-wave propaganda aimed at you. Pretty mild stuff. The nazis remind you that it is to America's best interests to leave Britain and France to their fate. The British, believing they already have American sympathy, are inclined to keep their news bulletins studiously dispassionate.

You can have no idea of the kind of stuff we in Europe hear. "That nations may speak together in peace," was the motto of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It is but an ironical memory now.

From 50 stations the nazis keep up an unending assault on the British. The German news bulletins sent to England are never read straight, as when sent across the Atlantic. Hate and ridicule color every phrase. Winston Churchill is always "First Lord of the Sea Bottom." Anthony Eden is the man "known for his good tailor and poor speeches."



Ronald H. Cross, Minister for Economic Warfare, is "Minister for Starvation," one of the few nazi admissions that the British blockade hurts. The Prime Minister, of course, is always "Warmonger Chamberlain."

Much emphasis is put on British naval losses. Hans Fritzsche of Berlin, sinister-voiced, smooth-talking, plays this string interminably. "British people, ask your government 'Where is the *Ark Royal*?' Ask Churchill, your First Lord of the Sea Bottom, what he has done with the Battleships *Hood* and *Renown*. You are being fed on lies. . . ."

Fritzsche's insinuations, repeated night after night, strike at the hearts of those who have sons and relatives in the navy. He persisted so long with his claim that the nazis had sunk the *Ark Royal* that the Admiralty finally sent her on a personal-appearance tour.

Fritzsche apparently picks the names of vessels from old registries, so that he sinks ships that have been retired from service. For a fortnight he persisted in announcing that a nazi submarine had torpedoed H. M. S. *Vernon*—the navy's School of Mines—which stands on dry land at Portsmouth.



Sometimes it is hard to understand what the nazis hope to accomplish. Much of their broadcasting in English can only irritate listeners. For example, when the British boarded the nazi ship *Altmark*, the nazis ignored the fact that they had violated Norwegian neutrality, a legitimate criticism, and instead poured vituperation upon the "inhuman beasts," "blood-thirsty pirates" and "blood-crazed maniacs" who man the British navy.

THE commentators come on in the evening, when Englishmen are twirling their dials in search of lively entertainment which the unimaginative B.B.C. programs lack. American swing band recordings attract listeners. Then the German commentator cuts in. "Our subject tonight is Germany's enemy and England's misfortune—Winston Churchill! How did Mr. Churchill get into the Cabinet, and why? For years, British Prime Ministers have found something repulsive about the fellow personally. But when Britain went to

switch to British imperialism. The Berlin radio station is filled with persons of all nations and color, there to broadcast the "news" in all languages to every part of the earth. One way the nazis get them is illustrated by the experience of M. Fakousa, an Egyptian who was caught in Germany when the war began. Fakousa was told that he could broadcast propaganda in Arabic or spend the rest of the war in a prison camp. The Egyptian prefers broadcasting. "Eminent Hindus," conveniently visiting Berlin, describe Britain's bloody colonial methods. The Hindus have curious Prussian accents. An "American doctor," always unnamed, who "has just arrived from Poland," describes that land of milk and honey. George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells are quoted to prove the perfidy of Britain.

The outstanding personality of the radio war is Lord Haw Haw, who broadcasts half a dozen times nightly over the Zeesen transmitters. As many Britishers listen to this impersonator of a doughty

old aristocrat as listen to all the other foreign broadcasts combined. A London musical show is named after him; a burlesque biography was published and a music-hall song was written around him. He had the honor to be mentioned in public by H. M. the King!

It is only occasionally now that he lapses into his farcical accent. Instead, in a provincial inflection he pours straight poison into Britain.

"This is Garmany calling, Garmany calling . . . Listen, you Bratish people. The Bratish army is fighting the battle of Israel. The Jewish financiers and the armament kings of Bratlain are using you Bratish workers as cannon fodder in this capitalistic war."

Haw Haw picks out the minor inconveniences of the war and plays them up. The rationing of meat ("It is typical of your money-grabbing Bratish government that your meat ration is based on price—one shilling and tenpence worth a week—instead of weight, as it is in Germany"), and evacuation ("What right has the government got to separate you from your husband? How do you know what your husband is doing now, since his wife and children are safely out of town?") are typical comments. "Don't worry, Bratish workers," he says. "The Fuehrer realizes that the Bratish upper classes brought on this war and are using you as cannon fodder." The average British workman gets a big kick out of this; he was ready to smash Hitler long before Chamberlain was through appeasing him.

HAW Haw is William Joyce, an Englishman who broke away from Oswald Mosley to start a nazi-fascist party of his own. When there was some trouble about funds, he went to Germany in the company of a woman. In the Propaganda Ministry she is known as Margaret Joyce. She writes and corrects English scripts for the airwaves.

Haw Haw is the highest paid man among the "foreign" broadcasters. He receives between \$50 and \$60 a week.

Lord Haw Haw is sometimes followed by Lady Haw (*Continued on page 32*)

# the AIR WAVES



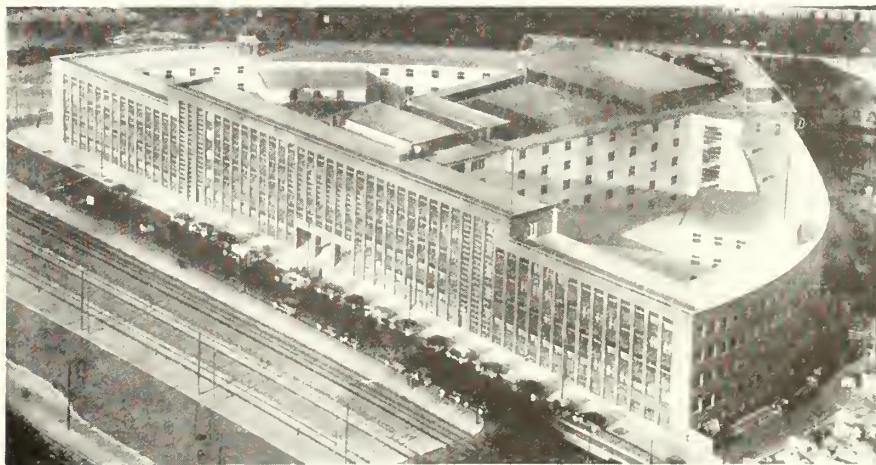
A mobile Belgian station in action. At right, Haus des Rundfunks in Berlin, broadcasting headquarters

war against the German people, then scruples had to be overcome—because he is a close friend of the American Jew, Barney Baruch! In order that this Jewish international financier might establish complete control over the policy of the British Cabinet, it was necessary that a new position should be held by some gentleman more Jewish than the Jew himself!"

Sometimes the nazi commentators

By ALLAN A. MICHIE

JUNE, 1940



GRILO, NEW YORK





# Where DO I FIT?

A Famous Historian Answers  
the Inevitable Question Posed  
by Every Youngster Today

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

There is magnificent material among the young and we should offer them all the help we can

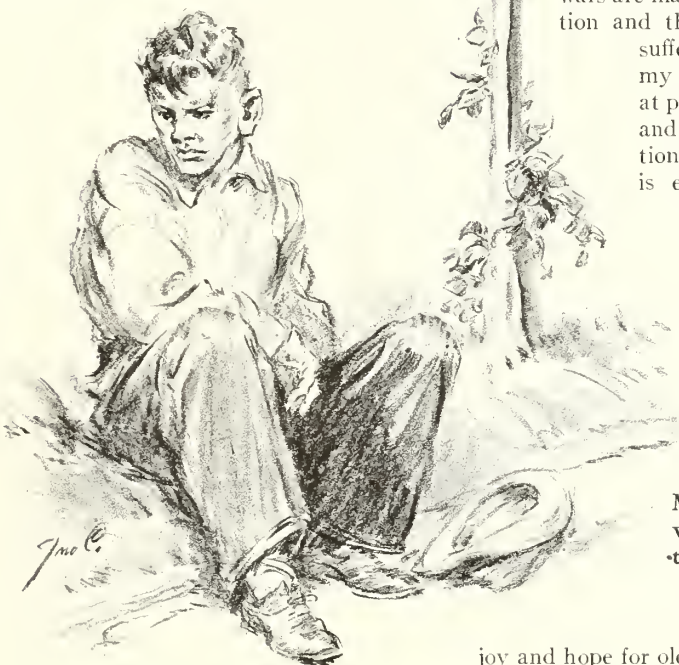
**A**FTER one of the hardest winters known in my part of the country, the spring flowers—snow-drops, crocuses and others—are nevertheless as I write pushing their way through half frozen ground and blossoming. In a few weeks there will be another annual crop, that of the sons and daughters of Legionnaires graduating from high school, junior college or perhaps universities. Like the flowers, they are

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*



emerging after one of the hardest times the nation has known, ten years of depression, and are pushing into a world still cold and forbidding. In innumerable auditoriums they will receive diplomas and hear words of advice. The "young generation" on the threshold of life. I have no wish to compete, if I could, with the addresses they will listen to. I wish rather to think aloud or write about certain things which interest me.

We talk glibly of generations, the "young generation," the "lost generation," the "old generation," but what do we mean? Statistically a generation is considered to cover about 33 years, but two things are obvious to anyone who is not misled by words. One is that there is not



*Cartoons by*  
**JOHN CASSEL**

No one sex nor any one "generation" is at any moment solely responsible for the total conditions of the world which we all have to make the best of and try to make better. Nor does all wisdom or knowledge belong to any one group. There is, for example, an unhappy legend that wars are made by the old generation and that the young alone suffer from them. It is my understanding that at present it is the young, and not the old, generation in Germany which is enthusiastic for war and conquest.

In the last war many of our young people suffered but so also did many of the old. They lost in some cases the children who were their only

**Many youngsters  
would rather loaf  
than take up un-  
pleasant work**

a complete new set of human beings every 33 years; and the other is that every day babies are dying aged a few hours and old people aged 100 years or so. Our population is made up at any moment of persons of all ages, as of both sexes, living together simultaneously. There is no segregation of sex or age in our total society although it is true that persons of different sexes and ages may have their different outlooks, problems and interests.

The main point is that they all have their various duties, responsibilities, reactions on one another, and their special contributions to make to the stock of general welfare, happiness and comfort. Society is an elaborate network of rights, duties and influences. Persons of different ages complement and supplement each other as do those of different sexes. To set up a mythical young generation against an equally mythical old one is about as sensible, and dangerous, as to foment mistrust or hostility between men and women because of *their* difference. We all have to live together and we all have something to give to the common stock.

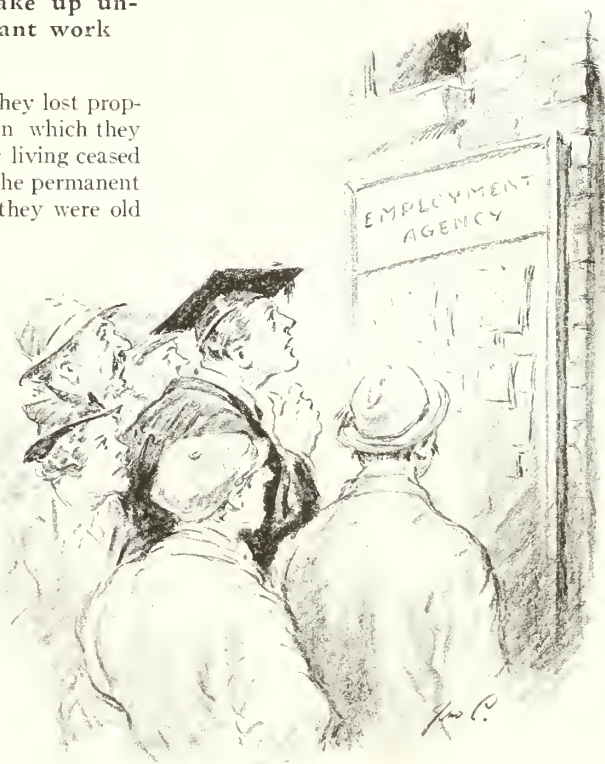
joy and hope for old age; they lost property; the little incomes on which they hoped to eke out a meager living ceased to support them owing to the permanent rise in cost of living; and they were old and tired and had no longer the virility and energy of youth to help them in their sorrow and crises. I could give any number of examples but will simply state the truth that it is not youth alone which suffers from war, or even panics and depressions.

If in past years young Tom or Mary just out of high school or college has not been able to find a job — sometimes not *any* job but one they think will suit them — and feel they are born into a hard world, perhaps Dad and Mother, worrying about both themselves and the children, may not have been having a very good

time either. I have the utmost sympathy for the energetic and ambitious young who want to get started and feel thwarted, but a thought may also be given to the older generation which is doing its own worrying, taking in Mary and her baby when her husband has no job, and bearing their share of taxation for the billions spent for the relief of strangers, as well as helping out relations other than those of their immediate household.

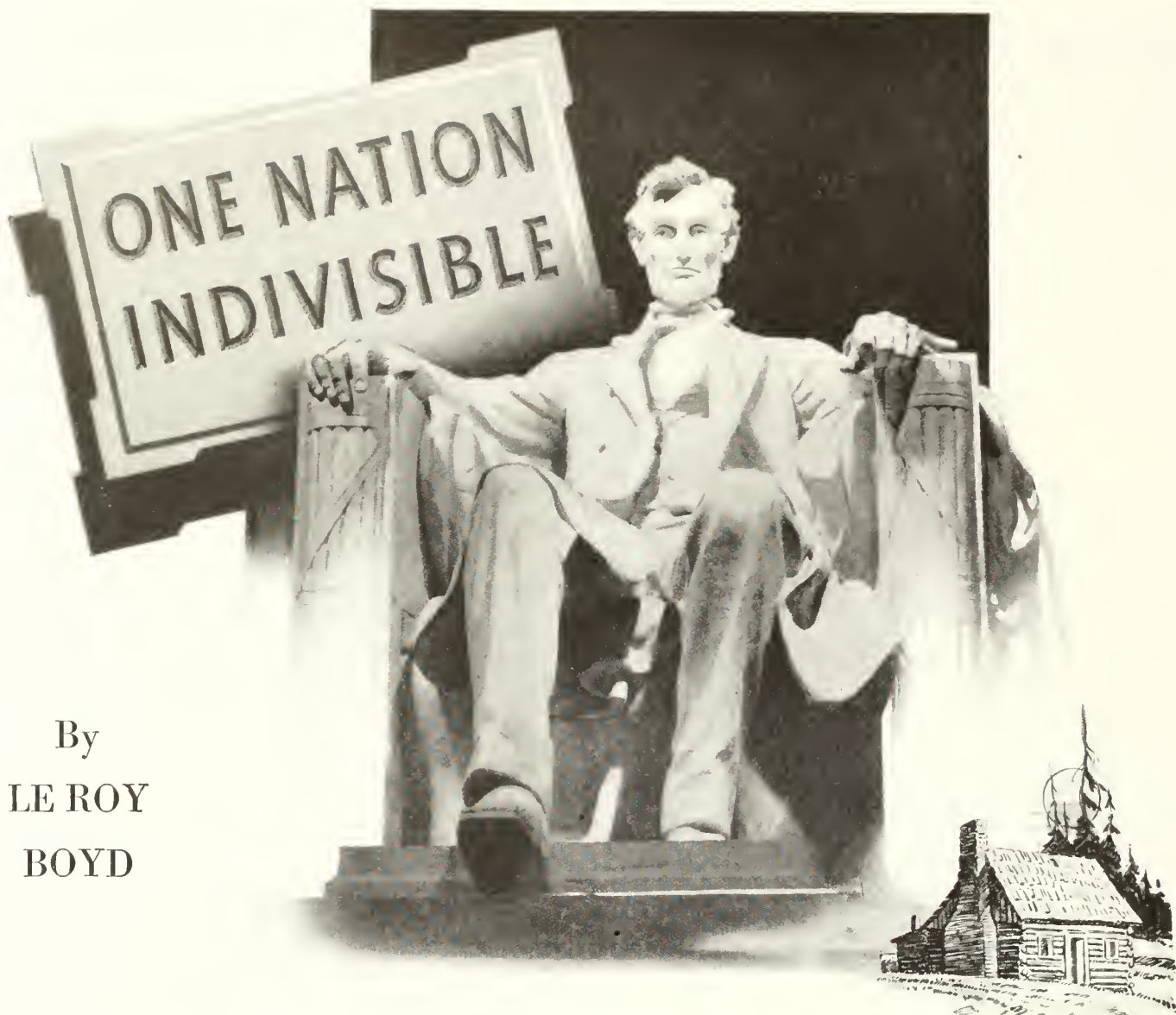
If the young are bewildered and frustrated so are their elders, and it is unfair and unkind to think that they as individuals made the mess the world is in. I come back to the point that we all have to work together with mutual tolerance, understanding and sympathy. A home is not successful unless husband and wife both make their contribution, and it's a failure if parents and children are at odds. Society is the home writ large.

Now, as to what is facing the young as they receive their diplomas and emerge from the school and college years during which to a great extent they have been supported by others — parents, taxpayers, the givers of endowments, scholarships and so on. Most will want to earn their own living, or in the case of some girls marry a man who is making a living and do her share in making a home. Jobs are scarce and the outlook is discouraging, but let me say emphatically that I wish we would stop talking about the "lost generation." There *is* a lost generation but it is not the living young. It is (for Europe rather than the United States) the millions of (Continued on page 57)



**Inevitably, a great many just  
out of college will have a  
tough time of it**





By  
LE ROY  
BOYD

**A**MERICA made headlines seventy-five years ago!

For three-quarters of a century ago the Civil War was drawing to a close with the formal surrender of Confederate forces throughout the South in April and May of 1865.

The one event that sent an electric current of rejoicing through the country, similar (but in greater degree) to that which went over the world on November 11, 1918, was the surrender of General Robert E. Lee to Lieutenant General U. S. Grant at Appomattox. The nation's joy was not so much for victory, but rather relief that the bloody four-year conflict had at last come to an end.

The historian going through the records of those days is amazed at the story behind the headlines that flashed on the front pages of the newspapers that spring. For the spirit that prevailed in those conferences where negotiations went forward for the capitulation of the gray-clad armies was one of fraternity and conciliation instead of enmity and revenge.

It is significant to note that the terms of that peace were formulated not by politicians but by soldiers who knew war

from experience on the battlefield. One side wore uniforms of blue and the other of gray, but at heart they were brothers-in-arms and honored those in the profession even though shortly before they had been enemies. General Grant put this feeling in words when upon hearing a cheer starting in the Union lines as soon as news of General Lee's surrender became known, he ordered it stopped, saying: "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again."

Union knapsacks were opened and food shared with the comrades of the South, and the soldiers who the day before had been fighting furiously began a brisk trade in peaceable swapping before the two armies were withdrawn to be disbanded.

Two years ago the remnants of the armies of the North and the South were guests of the American Government at a reunion held at Gettysburg on the seventy-fifth anniversary of that great battle. It was the last time in all eternity that the two armies will ever meet again

on the field—a few years more and the sound of Taps will be heard by those veterans no more upon this earth.

As we pay our respects, then, to those veterans on Memorial Day this year it is not out of order to refresh our minds with the calendar of events that took place seventy-five years ago. No matter what followed when politicians took over after the soldiers had gone home, the record of those soldiers during April and



**The two chiefs of the fighting forces, South and North**



May of 1865 is one of which Americans can be proud.

*March 4:* Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated in his second term in the White House. His address upon that occasion has become a classic in American literature.

*April 9:* General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox, and 26,765 men remaining in the Army of Northern Virginia after four years of war laid down their arms. Lee's farewell to his army forms one of the most touching incidents in our history.

*April 14:* The Stars and Stripes were raised once more over Fort Sumter, where the first shot of the war had been fired four years before.

That evening Abraham Lincoln with Mrs. Lincoln and two friends attended a theater performance. John Wilkes Booth, an actor suffering from mixed hallucinations of persecution and grandeur, stole into the box and shot him in the back of the head. Mr. Lincoln was the first American President to be assassinated.

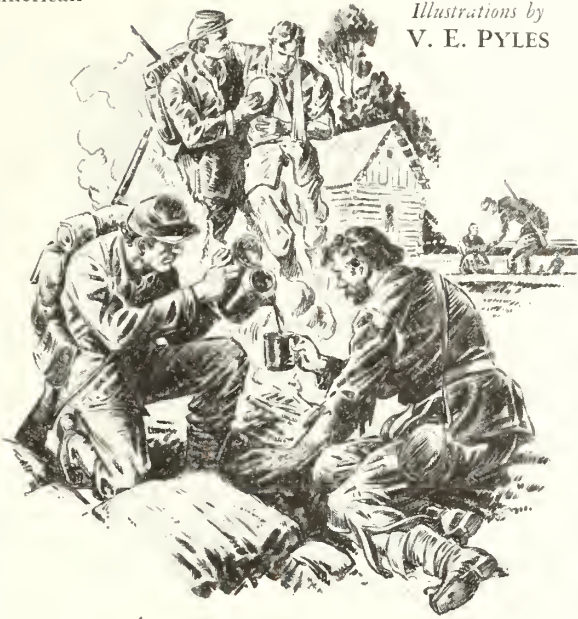
*April 15:* At 7:22 in the morning President Lincoln died, and his death was a blow to both North and South. Historians are still speculating as to what the history of the country in the next few years would have been if he had not been assassinated.

*April 26:* General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General William Tecumseh Sherman near Raleigh, North Carolina, and the two armies that had fought across Georgia and South Carolina and in North Carolina clasped hands in friend-

ship. By this capitulation 37,047 Confederates were disbanded to return to civilian life.

*May 4:* General "Dick" Taylor sur-

*Illustrations by*  
**V. E. PYLES**



**Food was shared by men who had been fighting each other furiously the day before**

rendered his troops in the Department of Alabama and Mississippi.

*May 26:* Kirby Smith surrendered to Federal authority his Department west of the Mississippi River.

In all, the total number of Confederates laying down their arms in those two months was 174,223.

Officially, therefore, the War Between

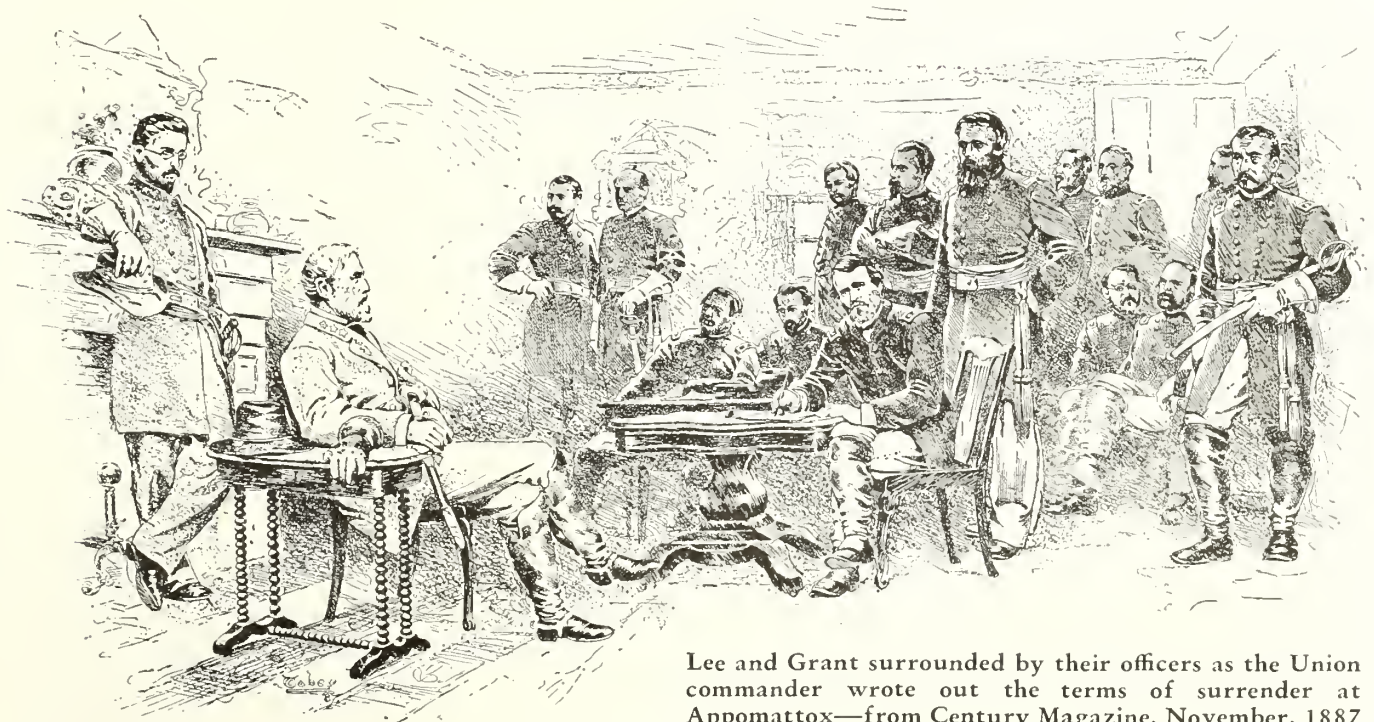
the States did not come to an end until the latter part of May, but in the popular mind the meeting of Lee and Grant at Appomattox marked its close. In rank both men were commanders-in-chief of their respective armies, and when Lee offered his sword and the cause of the South to Grant he symbolized the acknowledgement of final defeat by the Confederacy.

The story of that meeting has been told time and again. Two great soldiers who had fought together in the Mexican War, who had slowly worked their way up through the junior grades of the old Army, and who eventually commanded the armies of the two contending forces in the Civil War, met and made plans for a peace that would be just and lasting for America.

Which was the greater soldier? There is hardly any basis for comparison.

Grant was a resolute fighter who never knew when he was licked. Once in the Battle of the Wilderness when he had ordered an assault along the whole line and lost seven thousand men in a little less than a half hour he faltered. Throwing himself down on the cot in his tent he shook and cried like a baby, but when the fit had passed he rose and issued orders to continue the battle. That summer of 1864 he had adopted the policy of a war of attrition, relying on the great resources of the North, and he was the only man at the time capable of conducting such a war. Yet he wasn't vindictive, as was proved at Vicksburg as well as at Appomattox.

Lee met those attacks of the last year of the conflict with an army whose depleted ranks could not be filled. Limited resources of the South and the confusion resulting from a (Continued on page 32)



**Lee and Grant surrounded by their officers as the Union commander wrote out the terms of surrender at Appomattox—from Century Magazine, November, 1887**



Bucky held him in his arms and crooned to him while the doc fixed him up



# *It's nice to be a* GENERAL

By  
LEROY  
BARTLETT

WHEN I hear some of these veterans making dirty cracks about generals, it always makes me laugh. They think that the front line trenches were pretty tough. Maybe so, but the back of the front was a madhouse.

General "Bucky" O'Neil commanded the brigade that won the battle of Bantheville. Sure he was in a dugout during the whole fight. So was I. I was his telephone operator. This time that I am talking about the Fifth Division had just taken Cunel and the outfit on their left—I think it was the 32d; anyways they were called the "Iron Jaws"—had just gotten to Romagne. Both these outfits were pretty well shot up, and no wonder, for it was the real Hindenburg Line. If you have ever seen a picture of the American Cemetery at Romagne with all those

crosses you will have a good idea, even if you weren't in it.

Anyhow, as I was saying, that night the 90th Division moved up to relieve the Fifth and the 80th had relieved the 32d. Moved up is right! Bucky put his command post so close to the front line that we didn't use hardly any wire at all. We got all settled soon after dark in the cellar of what was left of a farmhouse just north of Romagne. The plans were all made and there wasn't anything for me to do but keep checking the wires. The place was so full of officers, messengers and I don't know what else, but nobody offered to go outside that I heard. Fritz knew that something was up and kept throwing a lot of stuff our way just on general principles.

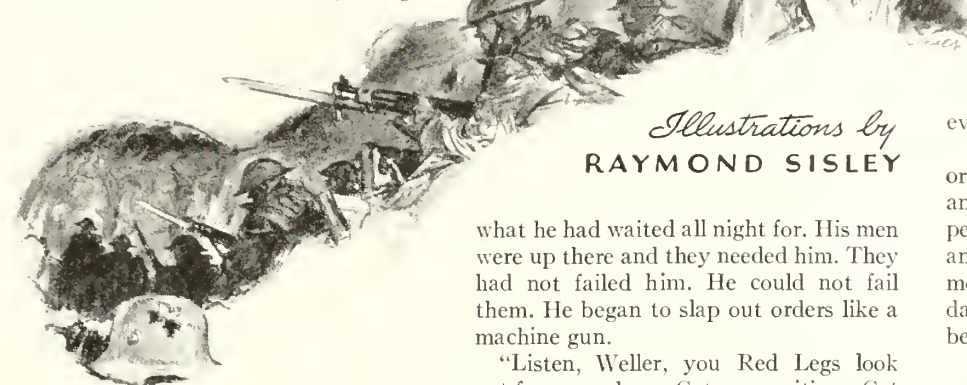
Like I say, everything was all set, and we all took it as easy as we could waiting

for the fireworks to start. But not the Old Man. His aide tried to get him to go to sleep but he couldn't. He was sending some of his boys to their death. They were his boys and he was responsible for them. Perhaps his battle plans were wrong. Their death would be his fault. That's what he was thinking. Put yourself in his place. How would you have felt?

Ahead of us was Bantheville. The Yanks never had any tougher fight than that. Pershing himself said so and he ought to know. I think that Bucky would have called the whole thing off, if he could have. No, he did not lack nerve. Not Bucky. His plans were good his men were better. It was just waiting that was getting under his skin. About 3 A. M. a runner fell in the door and right into Bucky's arms. He had been nicked by a



hunk of shell. Bucky held him in his arms and crooned to him like a baby while the doc fixed him up. I had a little cognac in my canteen that I'd been saving and I offered it to Bucky. He put his arm around my shoulder while he took a man-sized swig. You see he and I were buddies. Just like that. I did not give him any advice on how to win the war, though.



*Illustrations by*  
**RAYMOND SISLEY**

I knew better than that. He was plenty tough but he was a soldier, believe you me, and he knew his business.

At Zero Hour he grabbed the phone and hollered to me to put him through to Colonel Weller, who commanded the artillery and was in the forward observation post. Luckily for me the line was still in order. When the barrage went off Bucky used the colonel as a pair of eyes. They forgot all about rank and all of us forgot everything else but what was coming in over the phone.

"Jimmy, can you see anything?"

"Not yet, Bucky. Wait a minute. Here comes the first wave. There is a ground fog just ahead of them. Now they are entering it. I can only see their bayonets. Now I cannot see them at all. Heinie cannot see them either. Here comes the second wave. They are moving just as if they were on the drill field. Bucky, you can't beat the American soldier. He's tops. General Winn's brigade on our left is giving us a lot of help. He must have every gun going.

"Here comes the first wave out of the fog. They are advancing by rushes. They have reached the first objective. They are down. They have opened fire. Here comes the second wave. They are stopping with the first wave. They did not leapfrog them. We are licked, Bucky, we are licked. No, no, wait a minute. The lieutenants are up; the sergeants are up; they are running back and forth behind the line; some of the men are up; they are all up, Bucky, they are all up; they are moving forward; they are at a trot; they are at a run. They are charging, Bucky, they are charging. They are in Bantheville. We've got it, Bucky, we've got it."

Bucky went into action then. This was

what he had waited all night for. His men were up there and they needed him. They had not failed him. He could not fail them. He began to slap out orders like a machine gun.

"Listen, Weller, you Red Legs look out for yourselves. Get ammunition. Get food. Keep your guns going but keep them off my men. Don't bother me. I'm busy. Good-bye."

Bucky slammed up the phone and turned quickly on his staff.

**"Get me ammunition.  
Get the rolling kitchens  
busy. Those men up  
front are going to have  
service!"**



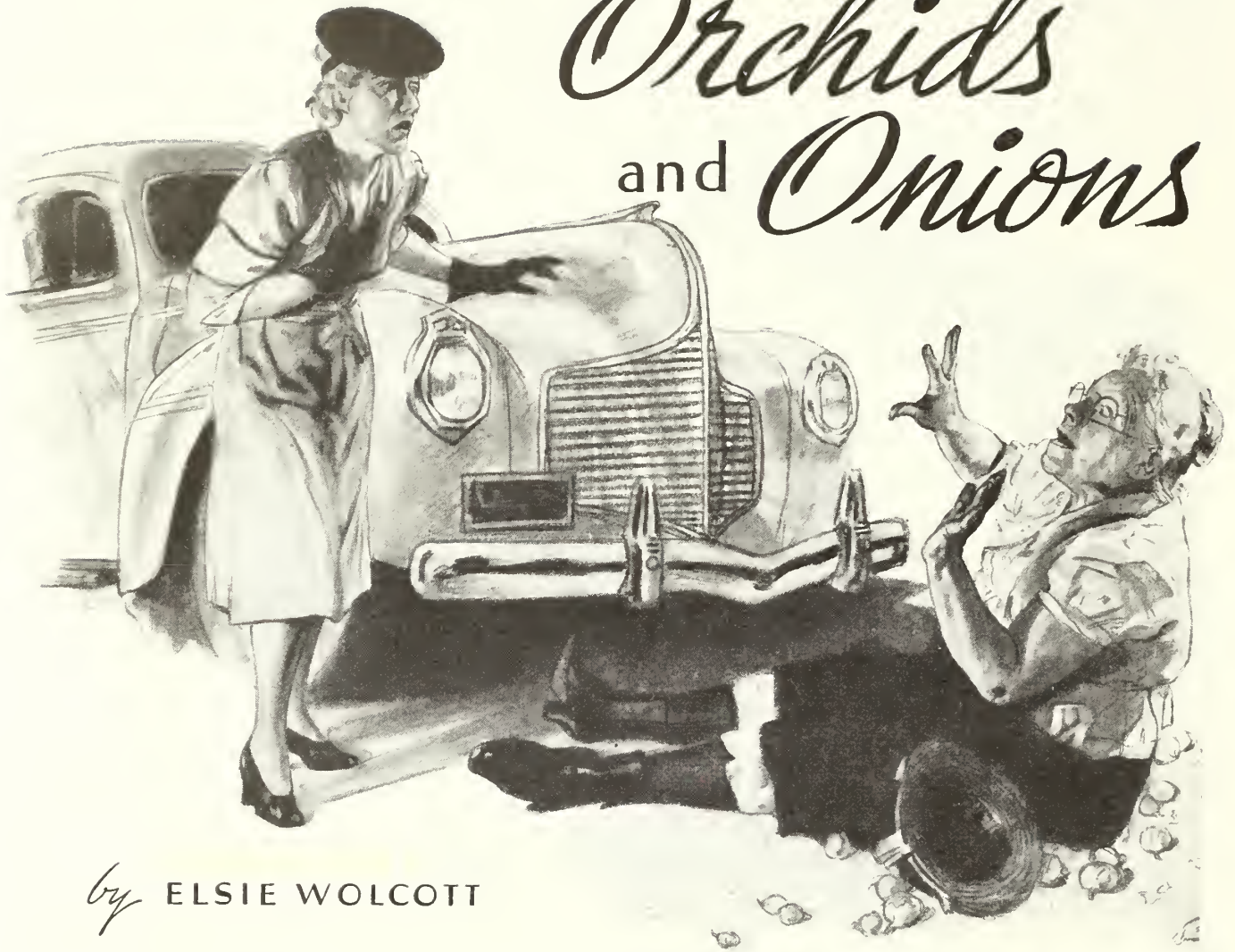
"Get me ammunition. Beg it; buy it; borrow it; steal it; but get it. Send it up; don't make them send back for it. Get the rolling kitchens busy. I want hot coffee and slum for every man on the front line immediately after dark. Send up two machine-gun companies for support—one on each flank. You medicos take care of the wounded. Those men up front are going to have service or I'll take every one of you to pieces by hand. Move."

The place boiled like an anthill as his orders were relayed. My relief came in and I stepped outside. It was kind of peaceful out there. I thought about Bucky and his boys and then I remembered the message that had come for him just after dark last night. You see his only son had been killed at Cunel the day before.

Yeah, it's nice to be a general—in peacetime. In wartime, well . . .



# Orchids and Onions



by ELSIE WOLCOTT

THE yellow traffic light winked once. Elizabeth Archer stepped on the gas. "I can just make it," she thought.

In that same instant Nora O'Brien stepped from the curb. A paper sack of onions which she carried in her arms broke open and went tumbling into the street. She stooped to retrieve the onions, unmindful of the oncoming car.

Elizabeth's brakes screeched to a stop as she swerved her big car sharply to the curb. The right front fender grazed the stooping figure and it fell to the pavement, the nondescript hat rolling away amongst the onions. Elizabeth, her lips tight with annoyance, stepped quickly from the car.

Nora scrambled to her feet and brushed the pavement dust from her faded skirts.

"Sure, ma'am, 'twas all me own fault and 'tis a silly ould woman I am to risk me life for a bit of an onion."

"Here, let me get your hat. Never mind the onions," Elizabeth's cheeks burned with embarrassment; she wanted nothing so much as to escape the quickly gathering crowd.

"Indeed, I'll not be wastin' good onions after near losin' me life to keep 'em. Sure, there's many a bowl of good soup in the

lot of 'em." Nora was rather enjoying the situation after finding she was not hurt. She gathered up a corner of her faded skirt and dropped the onions into it. Her plump legs, showing beneath the raised skirt, were clothed in black cotton stockings and she wore shoes of the variety known as "Congress gaiters." The elastic on both sides was badly stretched and allowed the shoes to stick out grotesquely in front and back.

Elizabeth was irritated and embarrassed but still loath to drive away and leave the woman she had knocked down. She stooped and with nervous, gloved fingers picked up an onion which had rolled close to her car wheels.

"I am sorry I knocked you down. May I take you to a doctor to see if you are injured in any way?"

"Lord love ye, ma'am, ye couldn't hurt an ould Irish biddy by rollin' her a bit on the pavement. Sure, I'm fat and sassy as iver." Nora laughed heartily and the crowd on the sidewalk joined in her merriment, much to Elizabeth's discomfiture.

"Very well. May I at least take you to where you were going?" Elizabeth decided the only way to escape the humiliating situation was to get Nora into the car.

"Sure, I'd never be refusin' a ride."

Elizabeth climbed quickly into her car and held the door open for Nora, who held tightly to her skirtful of onions as she clambered into the car. Nora's little straw hat, dusty and queerly shaped from its contact with the pavement and the car's wheels, perched at a rakish angle upon her tight knob of gray-streaked red hair.

A cellophane-wrapped package of flowers lay on the seat and Elizabeth moved them to make room for Nora.

"What fine posies ye have there. I never saw the like of 'em. What are they called?" Nora asked in delight.

"They are orchids," Elizabeth answered shortly.

"'Tis a grand bouquet and 'tis grand ye will look a wearin' 'em." Nora's round and wrinkled face beamed with honest admiration for the frail, exquisite blossoms as well as for the trim, well-groomed woman beside her.

Elizabeth set her lips in a hard line as she started the big car.

"I am not going to wear them. I take a spray to my son's grave on each anniversary—today is his birthday."

"'Tis a blunderin' ould fool I am and I'm askin' yer pardon. I'm a bereaved



mother too, and I know the heartache ye have to bear."

"Will you please tell me where you wish to go?" Elizabeth asked, a little irritated at Nora's solicitude.

"I was on me way home, ma'am, and that's at 984½ East First Street. 'Tis quite a piece from here and if ye'll just be droppin' me off beside the street-car line, I'll not trouble ye no more."

"I may as well take you home. I am in no hurry." Elizabeth's gloved hands closed easily around the steering wheel as she guided the big car through the down-town traffic.

Nora sighed contentedly as she leaned back against the soft upholstery. She could not long remain silent, however.

"Ye said ye had lost a boy, didn't ye?" she began. Elizabeth nodded a curt affirmative.

"Me own boy was killed in the great war," Nora volunteered. "I wish 'twas so I could put a bit of flower on his restin' place. 'Twas blown to bits he was, with the big guns, and the Government said in their letter they couldn't be sendin' his poor body home. They laid him beside his buddies over there and I got to see the place." Nora's blue eyes grew misty as in fancy she saw once more the beautiful spot.

"'Tis a lovely green hillside in France. Like velvet it is, so smooth and fine. Rows and rows of white crosses—so quiet like and all. I think he's restin' good there." Nora sighed, and a tear rolled unnoticed down her weathered cheek.

"How did you manage to make a trip to France?" Although she was habitually indifferent to the problems of the people with whom she came in contact, Elizabeth was slightly curious to know how one so obviously in poverty could finance a trip abroad.

"Sure, the Government paid me way and 'tis a grand country we are livin' in, ain't it, ma'am? The ladies in The American Legion Auxiliary told me about it and they wrote all the letters and filled out all the blanks and such that I had to send in to the Government before I went. 'Tis grand folks in the Auxiliary, ma'am," Nora beamed with pride, thinking of her membership in the organization. "Don't ye belong to it? But maybe your son was not in the war at all, at all."

"Yes, my son was in the war, but I do not belong to any of those organizations—I hate them." Elizabeth jerked the steering wheel viciously.

"Oh, ma'am, 'tis only that ye don't understand 'em. Ye could never hate anything which does a body so much good if ye knew more about 'em. Sure, 'twas hard for me to pay me dues, but the ladies let me make the coffee for their lunches and that pays me dues, they say. 'Tis many a day's work they give me, too. I go out by the day, ye know." Nora sighed. "Sure, me man and me was doin' good, what with the pension the Government sent for the boy

and all; then our girl, Mary, God rest her soul, died abearing as fine a pair o' twins as ever ye laid eyes on. 'Twas six year ago, come Easter time; her man, is aworkin' on W.P.A. but seems like the money won't reach no more, without me workin'." Nora hunched forward a little as though even then she could feel the tremendous weight which she had to carry.

"What does your husband do?" asked Elizabeth, mildly interested in Nora's story of her overwhelming misfortunes.

"Me poor man ain't worked for near ten year. He's that crippled with arthritis, 'tis a pity. Lucky for us, I'm well and strong. I can turn out as big a day's work as the next one for all I'll be sixty-five, come next June."

"I usually hire some extra help during

*Illustrations by*  
J.W. SCHLAIKJER

the spring cleaning. No doubt I could give you a few days' work. Will you have any free time next week?"

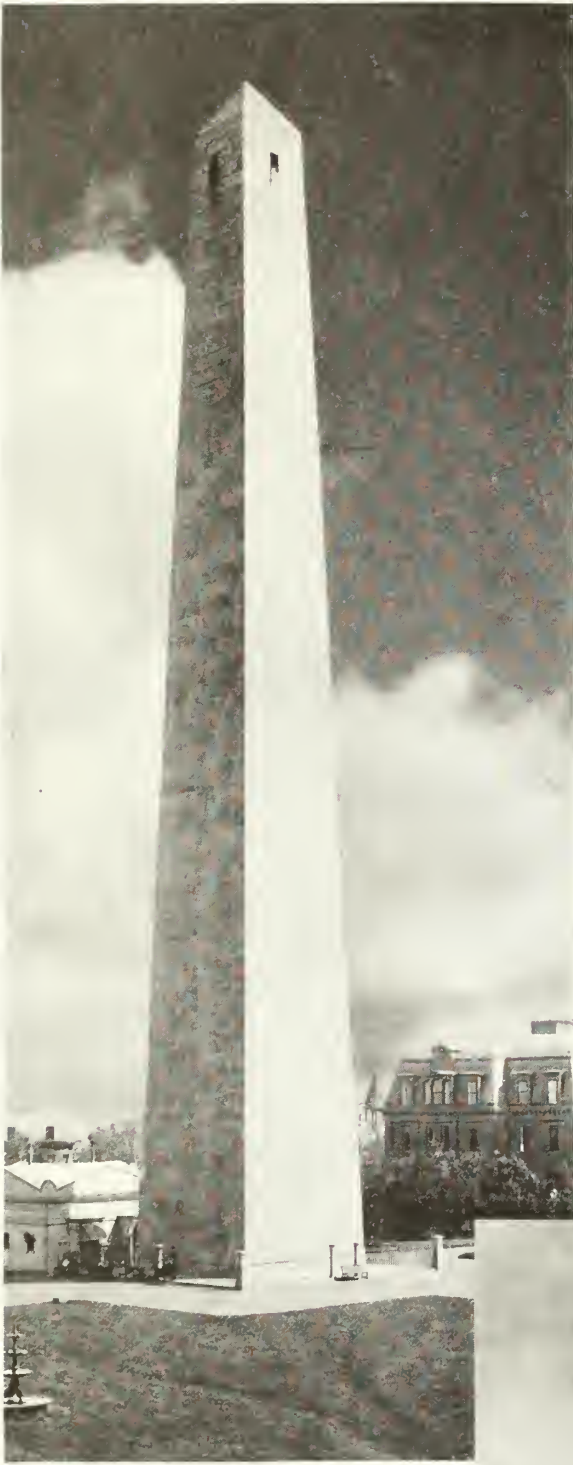
"That I will, ma'am, and I could give ye a couple of days and I thank ye."

Elizabeth crossed the railroad tracks, passed a noisy machine shop and turning her car down an unpaved street, she entered a residence district where the old, weather beaten houses showed evidence of a former prosperity. At Nora's direction she drew up before an unpainted frame house. A curtain flopped listlessly at an open window. Strong odors of boiling (Continued on page 36)



"There now, tell ould Nora all about it.  
'Twill ease the poor heart of ye"





Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown, which also has the Navy Yard, at which you may see the famous U. S. S. Constitution—Old Ironsides. At right, the airport, in East Boston

By  
STEWART H.  
HOLBROOK

# There SHE STANDS

**Y**OU LEGIONNAIRES who have been in The Hub before well know the magic spell conjured by the city of crooked, cobblestoned streets, of ancient buildings and magnificent parks, where within ten minutes of Convention Headquarters one can see more famed historic spots than anywhere else in North America.

It's that way in Boston. This is fabulous ground, the place where America was born, and the shade of The Horseman of Boston will ride again in September, his steed and himself unseen by the thousands but their presence very real to every Legionnaire in town.

And you who are making your first visit will feel the same spell, right enough, and there will be friendly people to show you the better-known sights and places. You'll see Faneuil Hall, of course, if you care to, and the old State House, the Old North and South Churches, the site of the Boston Tea Party and the several burying grounds where lie many illustrious dead. You may want to see Bunker Hill, and both Concord and Lexington battlegrounds.

These may be said to be the regulars, the standard historic places most visited, and they are well worth seeing. To anyone—man, woman and child—who has seen them, American history can never again be a thing of stuffy books, of dates and facts to be remembered. Those old pages you suffered over will suddenly leap to life, I assure you, and out of them will march and ride a notable company in Continental buff and blue, in homespun, in scarlet coats, to make history before your eyes. It's in the very air, in Boston.

These fabled American shrines, however, are not one-tenth part of the things Boston and Massachusetts have to offer the visitor. See them, by all means, and then consider the amazing panorama of other sights, both historic and contemporary, in this city and State and in nearby





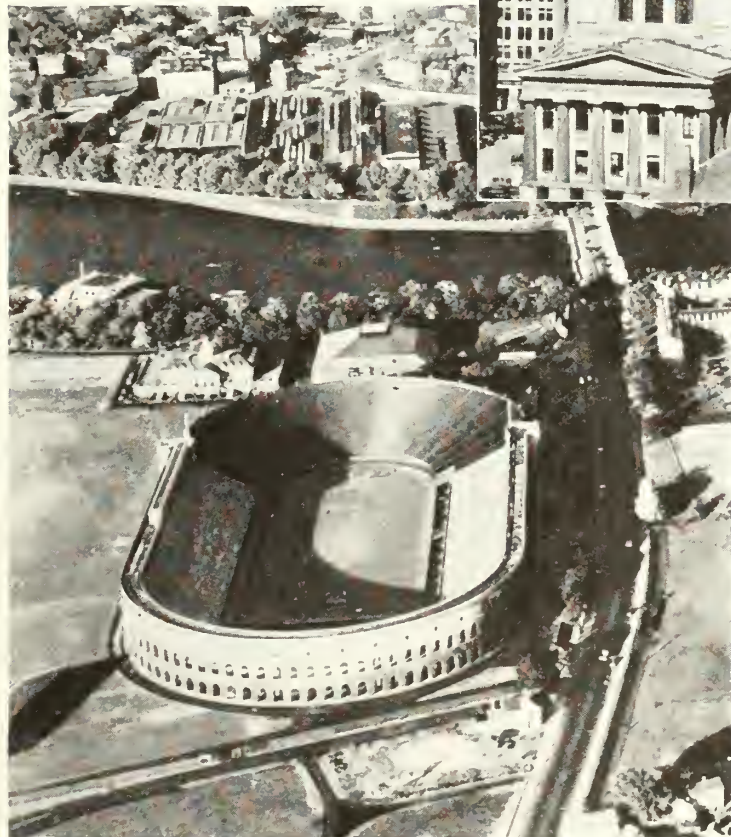
communities. Among them is certainly something to quicken the interest of every last one of a hundred thousand Legionnaires and their families.

Much as I love parades, and the good fellowship that goes with a Legion convention, I am happy to know, as I do, that more than one veteran is coming to Boston not only for the convention but also to learn something, possibly new, about his own business. This is the place. American industry was born in Massachusetts and century-old makers of quality products are still at it. In downtown Boston, for one thing, is the Shoe Museum, a stupendous collection of shoes of all periods, ranging back 2000 years, and working models of the most modern machinery. At Worcester is the original plant of Washburn and Moen, pioneers in the steel wire industry, and the Higgins Armory, with its masterpieces of sheet steel craftsmanship. In Worcester, too, is the Textile Machinery Museum, visited daily by industrialists from almost everywhere.

At Lynn is the original office of Elihu Thompson, who will need no introduction to electricians. Dalton has the Crane Museum devoted to the history and modern aspects of fine paper making. At Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is the Slater Mill (1793) the first successful cotton manufacturing plant in America. And then, there's research. In and near Boston are some of the country's most celebrated industrial research concerns whose recent accomplishments read like the wildest fiction. Or, if it's insurance, there is the Insurance Capital of Hartford, a drive of about 125 miles, and in The Hub itself



The custom house tower, the highest in Boston



The Legion drum corps will do their stuff in the famous Harvard Stadium



The monument at Concord bridge, with Emerson's verse, known to every American schoolboy

are the home offices of many old line firms.

Throughout the State are manufacturing concerns whose very names have been household words for generations, some of them since the 18th century. They are venerable in years but you will find them young in ideas, and if you make your living in industry, then you are in the right place to learn something, both about its background and its most modern application.

A number of Legionnaires in the Middle West have told me they are bringing their families to the convention this year not only to see where America was born but also to view the ocean for the first time. They couldn't see the ocean any better than from Massachusetts, which, as many do not know, has well over one thousand miles of coast. There's the aristocratic but most approachable North Shore, running from Boston to the New Hampshire line, with sandy coves and rugged headlands, with the finest of bathing, fishing and sailing. History (Continued on page 34)





# Mattress MEN



*out!*

**T**WO out, three on . . . They throw in a pinch hitter. Every eye is on the pitcher. If he fans the dangerous batter he's a hero. But what about the poor guy behind the plate wearing the mattress, cage and the composition shin boards? Do we fans ever consider the catcher? Sure, when he saves a wild pitch, blocks a hurricane slide home or cuts down a stealer at second. The rest of the time he's just the man in there catching every ball pitched and heaven help him if a bad hop gets by him.

If he's a right handy-man with the stick he sometimes will get a plug in a daily story. More is expected of him than of any man on the diamond. He's really never given much attention until he's banged up or has an unfortunate accident like the one that befell Mickey

Cochrane in 1937. It's then the loyal rooter, the press reporter and the manager really miss the work-horse of the team. Having a hard-hitting, fighting catcher out of the lineup is just as big a headache to a ball club as it is for a large family to have "mom" sick in bed and no one to get dinner.

To be rated as a first class mattress man on a major league ball club takes more than the ability to catch pitched balls and guard the home platter. Whatever possesses a man to want to become a catcher is beyond reckoning; perhaps it's the same urge that drives one to be shot out of a circus cannon or walk into a cage full of lions armed with only a chair and pistol.

Like the old army sergeants, experienced catchers are the backbone of successful ball clubs. Take the number of catchers who have made excellent managers and you have some idea how valuable they have been to the national pastime.

Think of the influence the padded-chest boys have had over our greatest pitchers and the number of young, wild hurlers they've developed into successful moundsmen. Bill Killifer was the perfect mate for the great Grover Cleveland



Alexander. Chief Meyers steadied the Big Six, Mathewson. Schreckengost, who handled the wacky Rube Waddell like a mother. Even Connie Mack, a former catcher himself, had to smile at Schreck's



By  
GRANT POWERS



*safe!*

*Illustrations  
by the author*

ability to soothe the frolicsome Rube. The deeds of catchers could fill volumes. We can't name them all, but among the top-notchers one must include Ossie Schreck, Doc Powers, Wally Schang, Cy Perkins, Mickey Cochrane and Charley "Red" Dooin.

Add Gabby Street, George Gibson, Bob Grace, Oscar Stanage, Peck Lorian and Jimmy Wilson. In our second breath we've Roger Bresnahan, Bob O'Farrell, Ray Schalk and Gabby Hartnett. Who could forget Billy Sullivan, who handled Big Ed Walsh. Bill Carrigan, who nursed Ruth and Pennington with the Red Sox. That grand old backstopper of the Braves, Hank Gowdy. Yes, and there was Bill Bergen, who did right by Brooklyn for years. Pat Moran, who helped the Phillies to their only pennant and then four years later went to Cincinnati and guided the Rhineland boys to their first flag.

Not to forget Wilbert Robinson, rotund old "Robbie," ruler of the daffy Dodgers; Muddy Ruel, Jimmy Archer, Johnny Kling—well, let's stop naming 'em for a bit and go into some of their deeds. Of all the hard working curve



stoppers one must doff his skimmer to Cy Perkins. For years Cy worked for Connie Mack, catching many wild and woolly hurlers. Perkins and Cochrane should always be mentioned in the same breath. For their paths have been entwined ever

since they met up while with the Athletics.

Old Ralphie was the first string catcher for the Athletics when Connie would have been happy for them to finish in seventh place. In those years Mack had all sorts of pitchers. Perkins was as good as insurance. Ralphie would wear himself out diving for wild pitches in order to keep the young hurlers from skulking the customers.

Connie certainly needed Perkins, for in those days few customers showed to watch the A's. Then Connie heard of Lefty Grove, who was pitching for Baltimore, and bought him. He purchased Simmons from Milwaukee. Old Home Run Baker tipped him off to a 17-year-old catcher named Foxx who was playing in the Eastern Shore league. Then Moose Earnshaw and Rube Walberg turned up. Perkins then thought that after all his slaving with dime-a-dozen pitchers he was

at last going to be a backstop for a world series club.

Among Connie's other finds at the time was a scowling, black haired young gent from Boston University who thought he was an infielder. Cagey Connie after a couple of squints at Gordon Stanley Cochrane told him that he was to become a catcher and shipped him out to Portland in the Pacific Coast league to learn his trade. Grumbling, Mickey went only after he was promised that he would be given a chance to take over Perkins' job the next season. The following season Mickey discovered that he and Perkins came from the same section of Massachusetts. They became fast friends and Old Ralphie whiskered a lot of catching tricks into Mickey's fan-like ears. What with youth on his side and Ralph a little



tired from his battles with the wild hurlers it was not long before Cochrane took over Ralphie's job.

Mr. Mack, who knows something about the art of (Continued on page 38)



# Minnesota MASTERS

**D**EATH walked silently with young Steve Jones that Saturday afternoon as he left his home.

He didn't know it, of course; he was, in fact, as happy as a healthy, sunny-haired boy of eighteen should be. He had his new driver's-license and his father's permission to use the family car. Waiting for him was Millie, the girl he wanted most to snuggle beside him as they rolled along the broad beckoning highways of Minnesota. On a day filled with such joyous possibilities death seemed, indeed, remote.

At Millie's he found another girl, Alice Smith, and a trim, dudish youth who answered to the name of Biff. Biff was tall and thin, with a pale, nervous face, nervous eyes and a nervous volubility that passed for brightness. Biff had been expelled from high school and thought he knew all the answers.

It was Biff who made the fatal suggestion.

"This is duller than a dime-store ring," he said, after they had sat around for a time. "I know a place where we can dance and have a swell time."

"Pop lent me the car," Steve demurred. "I thought we'd take a ride."

"Sure, we will—later," laughed Biff. "The day is but a pup."

Biff had that sophisticated air of worldliness that impresses young people; so, laughing, they piled into Steve's car and rolled over to Twelfth Street. The house Biff indicated was old and shabby, and when he rapped, a woman with an old, haggard face topped by dry, pinkish hair looked suspiciously at them.

"It's me, Blonde Gal," laughed Biff. "Open up and let's get at the fun."

After a sharp glance at Millie, Alice and Steve, the woman admitted them to a barren room, furnished with a few chairs and a bright new victrola that played all the swing tunes at a nickel a dance. Biff slid some coins into the slot and grabbed Alice. Steve felt uncomfortable, uneasy; but Millie whispered, "Be a

sport, Steve," so they danced to the platter tunes.

Presently the woman with the pinkish hair and rouged lips gave Biff four cigarettes and took a dollar for them. Rapidly Biff lit one for Millie, then for Alice, and finally for Steve.

"Treat yourself to a thrill, big boy," Biff grinned, thrusting it between Steve's lips. "In ten minutes you'll be hotter than a sheriff's pistol."

Steve rarely smoked; when you're the star forward on the basketball team you have to watch your wind. Moreover, this didn't taste like tobacco. It had an acrid, unpleasant odor. But Millie, already a strange glitter in her eyes, said, "Don't be dated, darling," so he inhaled several times.

"What is it?" he asked, as a queer, giddy happiness began to sweep over him.

them burst into screams of hysterical laughter.

And so Steve Jones entered the first phase of marihuana poisoning.

He was emotionally exhilarated; hitherto always shy with Millie, now he said, "We'll always love each other, Millie." And she nodded languorously as if that were the way it had always been planned. Steve danced better than he ever had before, seeming to float through the air. The math exam which had been worrying him seemed a lead-pipe cinch. Mentally excited, he did the problems aloud and shrieked with laughter at their ease. The others burst into gales of laughter at the merest pun. Time ceased to exist; there was no past, no future, only the present.

And then Biff's face floated into Steve's distorted vision and he heard him



**A detail from Lawrence Wenell Post of Minneapolis just before it rooted out a flourishing patch of marihuana**

"Reefers," chuckled Biff. "Some call 'em muggles, or mu. Mary Weavers, or moocah—it's all the same. Ain't they the nuts?"

Already his voice was distant, faint. Steve suddenly felt swell, marvelous.

Far away came Biff's voice, "In a minute you can take two jumps and grab the moon."

"Only one," said Steve and all of

say, "Bust up the woo-tossing and let's ramble in that heap of yours."

And then, suddenly, Steve found himself in the car. One of the hallucinations of marihuana poisoning is loss of judgment of time and speed. Another is fixation of ideas.

Millie suddenly said, "We're going eighty."

The speedometer verified this. Steve



By Frederick C. Painton

# MARIHUANA



**Right in the midst of the body-and-soul-destroying weed. At right, for once smoking marihuana does no harm. The pile going up in flames was uprooted just a block away from a hospital**

said stubbornly, "She'll do ninety—wait and see."

The needle crept up to eighty-six. Steve swore, jerked at the wheel, tramped his foot to the floor, trying to shake another four miles an hour out of the car.

"Slow down, Steve," screamed Millie.

Marihuana makes you emotionally unstable. Steve glared at her and swore furiously. A moment ago he had for her the tenderest impulses; now he felt only a blazing hatred.

"Shut your face," he shouted.

The accelerator remained at the floor. The telephone poles whisked by like the pickets of a fence. The concrete road poured under the racing wheels like a sucking gray flood. The whining howl of the motor drowned all other sound.

And then, on a sudden, the road angled sharply to the left. Steve twisted the wheel. "Hang on," he roared.

The tire rubber screeched and smoked. The car tilted sharply. The turn angled ever farther to the left. Steve wrenched at the wheel. The turn was impossible to make. The car slid off the road, tilted in the ditch, and then, suddenly, as if it had taken wings, leaped the ditch and struck a telephone pole. The huge pole broke like a match stick. The car plunged onward. Millie screamed, Biff yelled and Alice moaned.

Then, coming down like a helpless plane, the car struck a stone wall, ploughed through a foot

of it until stones flew like cannon shells. Then again the car soared upward, came down upside down, and rolled onward across the meadowland like tumbleweed before the wind. Smashed like crumpled tinfoil, it finally stopped two hundred yards deep in the field.

The state cop who looked at what had once been fresh-cheeked youth felt his stomach bounce against his diaphragm.

"You wouldn't think human beings could be so smashed," he muttered huskily.

Now, the tragedy described above is not fiction; it wasn't imagined. It happened not long ago in Minnesota; similar tragedies have happened in nearly every State in the Union. And will happen again any day, perhaps right in your community. Because marihuana and marihuana-smoking among the youth of our nation is wide-spread, a menace worse than a madman with a gun.

Every day, in your city and in mine, marihuana is being smoked, chiefly by youngsters who are ignorant of its dangers. Every month there are robberies, assaults, rapes, suicides and murders directly the result of marihuana smoking. Thinking men and women have come to know marihuana (Continued on page 52)







**Tom Haggerty of New York in action at Faneuil Hall, where he was acclaimed orator No. 1**

**H**ISTORIC Faneuil Hall in Boston—the cradle of American liberty—rang with the vibrant voice of American youth on the night of April 15th in a series of stirring orations that marked the grand finals of the third annual American Legion National High School Oratorical Contest. Four young high school students, clean-cut, wholesome youngsters of just the type we like to think of as symbolizing American youth, representing the pick and cream of more than sixty-two thousand contestants entered in forty States and Hawaii, met in a memorable forensic clash. And out of that battle of eloquence emerged a new national champion—Thomas E. Haggerty, 18, of Rosedale, Long Island, New York, who was sponsored by the Far Rockaway (New York) Post.

Young Haggerty was one of four high school students representing geographical sections of the country, and though he came through with flying colors and was acclaimed the winner, his victory was by no means a walk-away. He met foemen worthy of his steel; young orators who were steeped in knowledge of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights—the subject assigned for discussion—and so well did they acquit themselves that, at the conclusion of the meeting, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard professor-emeritus of history, gave each of them the accolade of merit. “Never,” he said, “in all my long career as a teacher have I seen four young men so sure of speech and so quick of wit.” And that, coming from the dean of American historians, is praise indeed.

Clarence Carlson, 17, of Pontiac, Michigan, who was born at Ljungby, Sweden, was awarded second place; Joe Minihan, 17, of Casper, Wyoming, was

**Second place winner Clarence Carlson of Michigan is planning to become a lawyer**

the winner of the third award. Hugh L. Overbey, Jr., 16, of Jacksonville, Florida, the youngest of the group and who will have a chance for top honors again next year, finished in fourth place. Eleven hundred persons crowded into Faneuil Hall to hear these boys reaffirm their faith in American democracy and in a government of the people, by the people and for the people. They were applauded quite as loudly and as warmly as were any of the famous orators in American history who had in days gone by preached their doctrines from the same rostrum in the same historic shrine.

As the new national champion of the oratorical contest, Tom Haggerty—the son of a World War veteran now a telegrapher in the New York Fire Department—is assured of a college education by virtue of a \$4,000 first prize pay-





able in a scholarship to any college of his selection. His ambition is to study medicine, but he has not as yet decided upon the school he will attend. The prize money awarded to the first place man for 1939 and 1940 was the contribution of Eddie Cantor, stage, screen and radio star. The 1939 national champion was Fletcher Padgett, Jr., 17, of Saluda, South Carolina, who is now a student at Wofford College, Spartansburg, South Carolina.

Sandy haired Clarence Carlson, representing the mid-West, won \$1,000 to apply on his college course. He wants to study law at the University of Michigan. Serious minded, slow speaking Joe Mini-han, who is but one generation removed from the Emerald Isle, and who represented the West, received \$500 which he will apply on his law course. Bubbling, effervescent and an altogether charming young chap is Hugh Overbey, who fought his way up to represent the South. He is ambitious to study electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The judges of the final contest, whose names were kept secret until after the final oration had been delivered, were

**Identity of members of the board of judges was not made known until after the contest. Award was made by, reading left to right, Judge John P. Higgins, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Rev. Michael J. Ahern, Hon. Joseph Wiggin and Walter E. Downey**



**While waiting for the decision the warriors fraternize with Bill Cunningham (center), Boston writer. Left to right the lads are Minihan, Haggerty, Overbey and Carlson**

Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard Professor, Chairman; State Commissioner of Education Walter E. Downey; Chief Justice John P. Higgins of the Massachusetts Superior Court; Rev. Father Michael J. Ahern, S. J., of Weston College, and Joseph R. Wiggin, President of the Massachusetts Bar Association. Jeremiah J. Twomey, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, a member of the Legion's National Americanism Commission and Chairman of the Massachusetts Oratorical Commission, presided at the meeting, and music for the contest was furnished by the Suffolk County American Legion Glee Club.

"The 1940 National Oratorical Contest

is by all counts the best we have conducted," said Homer L. Chaillaux, Director of the National Americanism Commission under whose immediate supervision the several contests were held. "Eleven Departments participated in 1938, with approximately four thousand boys and girls enrolled as contestants. That year the contest was won by John Janson, of Phoenix High School, Phoenix, Arizona. In 1939 we had twenty Departments participating with more than twenty-four thousand high school students engaged. Forty Departments in 1940 and more than sixty-two thousand contestants is a highly gratifying advance in a most worthwhile program. The value of the contest is that it reaches out to hundreds of thousands of adults who attend the elimination contests and who hear these youngsters talk on real





American subjects. Other Departments will adopt the program next year and thus give opportunity to many more youngsters to win honors and a full college scholarship. As more and more are drawn into the contest each year, the competition will become keener. That, too, is the American way."

In determining the first place man at the Faneuil Hall finals the distinguished board of judges were not influenced by eloquence alone; that quality was one of three points on which the award was made—poise and personality, accuracy and effectiveness, and power to thrill, quicken and compel. Young Tom Haggerty's trial by oratory did not in any way differ from that of his



Neuman-Wenzel Post, Sturgis, Michigan, begins at the beginning by presenting a baby incubator to a local hospital for general community use



talk than during his twelve-minute prepared address, which he had delivered eight times previously in winning school, city, Department, regional and sectional contests to become one of the four contestants in the grand finals. It was the platform performance of the four finalists taken as a whole that brought the glowing words of commendation from Dr. Hart. Each one of them demonstrated a thorough understanding of the Bill of Rights and had the words at their command to express that knowledge clearly and convincingly. The extemporaneous talks were broadcast over a national hook-up of the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

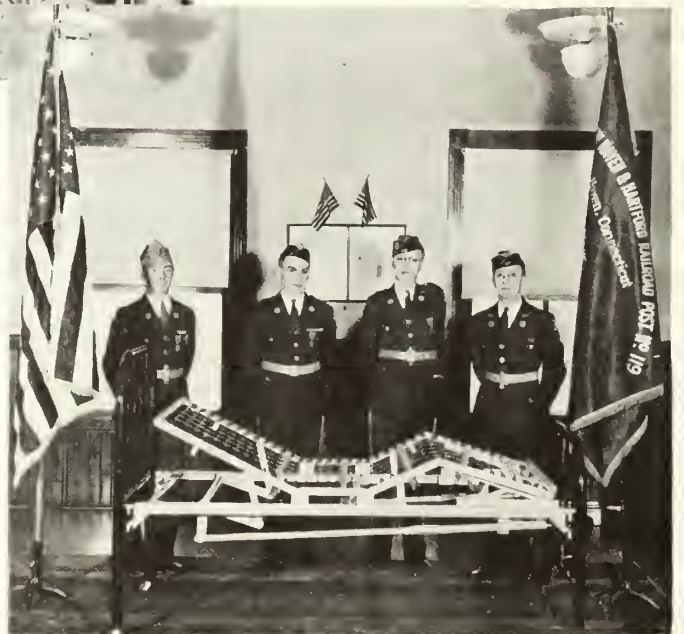
Semi-finalists who fought their way up to next to the top were: Everett Hewitt, Portsmouth, Virginia, who lost to Hag-

fellow contestants, but his case may be cited as applicable to all. After each of the contestants had delivered a prepared oration of not less than ten nor more than twelve minutes, each speaker was, without previous knowledge of his subject, given five minutes to prepare a five to six minute address on one section of the Bill of Rights. Haggerty's assignment was that section prohibiting the acceptances of foreign titles and awards. He gave a clear, moving and simple interpretation of the Constitution as not only a political document but a "code of ethics designed to protect human weakness and a desire for power and pageantry."

With poise and assurance, he spoke even more easily in his extemporaneous

Following the same thought of first service first, Carlisle (Pennsylvania) Post re-equipped a hospital maternity section. Already one baby has been saved

Railroad Post, of New Haven, sends its hospital equipment right into the homes





gerty; Chester Warner, Savannah, Georgia, who was defeated by Overbey; Charles Wellborn, Gladewater, Texas, eliminated by Carlson, and Robert C. Stotler, Colfax, Washington, who was vanquished by Minihan.

## Life Begins at Birth

**W**HY wait until forty? Members of Neuman-Wenzel Post of Sturgis, Michigan, had a curious thought that life begins at birth and in order to make it possible for more men and women to reach the age of forty have presented a baby incubator to Sturgis Memorial Hospital. The incubator is for general community service and is for use particularly in cases of babies born prematurely or who for other reasons do not make satisfactory progress.

"The American Legion has long wanted to do something for Sturgis Memorial Hospital," said Past Commander Maurice A. Wells in making the presentation, "and if this incubator saves the life of a single baby, we will feel amply repaid." Miss Olive Jane Brown, Hospital Superintendent, said that the hospital had frequent need of such an incubator, and could have used one to advantage at least a dozen times within the past year.

Past Commander Steve Schwabke reports that the money to make the purchase was raised within four days by Adjutant William Rice and Child Welfare Chairman Grover Watkins, and that all contributions to the incubator fund were made by Legionnaires.

Following the same line of thought, Carlisle (Pennsylvania) Post made a great contribution to the welfare of its



**Birthday cakes by the thousands were consumed in mid-March in honor of the Legion's twenty-first anniversary. James Harvey Post, Ventnor, New Jersey, served the super-colossal cake shown above**

community when it recently appropriated \$1,000 to modernize and equip the maternity department of Carlisle Hospital. Included in the new equipment is a modern gas machine for anesthesia, a resuscitator-inhalator for new-born babies, a large lamp, a portable blood pressure apparatus and a bed which can be converted into a table.

Post Commander Edison S. Nickel named a committee composed of Chairman Allen J. Stevens, Ivan L. Carter, Frederick J. Templeton, J. Frank Dunbar and Lawrence L. Sollenberger to con-

fer with the hospital authorities and members of the medical staff. The purchase of maternity ward equipment was made by the Legion Committee to meet the hospital's greatest need.

"Value of this new equipment is not alone reckoned in dollars and cents," said a member of the hospital staff. "Already one life has been saved, one of twins born recently, and who knows how many times in the ensuing years, in a hospital which sees three hundred and fifty deliveries a year, the people of this community may be grateful for this most recent thoughtfulness and generosity of The American Legion."

Another service that embraces care of the old as well as the young is the home-hospital plan adopted by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Post of New Haven, Connecticut, which, according to Service Officer A. H. Westphal, can be taken up by other Posts at a moderate cost. This service is nothing more nor less than providing a hospital bed unit to be placed in homes in emergency cases. "A complete unit was purchased and put in service in December, 1937. The idea was such a success that four other units have been added and Chairman Charles M. Kelley has found it necessary at times to rent additional beds to care for extremely emergent cases. A complete unit, which consists of a special bed, high grade mattress and rubber sheet, costs \$62. When a unit is no longer needed in one home it is removed, completely sterilized and made ready for the next case.

"There is absolutely no charge for any part of this service," continues the Service Officer. "During the past two years we have had one hundred truck movements in servicing eleven male and twenty-seven (Continued on page 54)

**A red-letter event was celebrated by Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, Denver, Colorado, when Membership Co-Chairman Charles Sandlin handed Thomas Sterling the 3,000th card. Commander Clarence Beales observes the performance**







Left, an elephant-eared observation balloon of the 2d Balloon Company operating in the Aisne-Marne Offensive. Compare it with, below, the present-day development of observation balloons

# Streamlined ELEPHANTS

**S**PRING is here! Right now up in this part of the country you'd never know it from the weather, but the calendar says so and . . . the circus is in town! Circuses mean peanuts and pink lemonade—and elephants, those ponderous pachyderms of the publicity propounder's pen. But hold everything!—we got into the wrong menagerie. The elephants of which we are about to hear are of another genus—they are the kind that soared aloft behind our lines or those of the enemy and were used to take a look-see at what the other guy might be doing.

But nowadays the old gray elephant, she ain't what she used to be—as will be readily observed upon reference to the lower picture on this page. For the pictures and the recital of balloon corps lore that follows, we are indebted to that active Legionnaire and No. 1 balloonatic, Craig S. Herbert, who writes to us from 3333 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. That balloon rating is



based upon the fact that Herbert was one of the two daddies of the first Balloon Corps veterans reunion in Portland, Oregon, during the 1932 National Convention of the Legion, from which developed the National Association American Balloon Corps Veterans, one of the fastest growing and most active of all veterans organizations. The other daddy was E. A. McKee, ex-balloonist of Longview, Washington.

After all, Comrade Herbert, it's your story, so go ahead:

"If, Heaven forbid, war should strike our country again, the 'Eyes of the Army'—the observation balloons—will again take a very important part. Newsreels of the new European mess show the armies on the Western Front using the same type hydrogen-inflated 'sausage balloons' that they used in 1917-1918, with the exception of the parachute. Now the entire basket, suspended from a huge 'umbrella,' is released and drops



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

with express-elevator speed to the ground.

"**THEN:** Ground observation by artillery was practically impossible in '18, moving planes were inaccurate, radio communication uncertain, so the artillerymen preferred the balloon as the only accurate and satisfactory means of observation, assuring them of perfect fire regulation and adjustment. Men who served at the front in the A. E. F. will remember the rows of elephant-eared, cigar-shaped 'kite' balloons—of seeing them attacked by planes and of seeing the observers jump for their lives in parachutes just before their gas-





A big-city version of the 40 and 8 took these C. A. C. men on the first leg of their journey to war. You're right—it's a trolley-car expedition from the Coast Defense Armory in the Bronx, New York City, to the training camp

bag collapsed in a mass of flame and smoke.

"Each Balloon Company, under orders of an Army Corps, operated with one or more Divisions in its immediate sector. Equipped with powerful binoculars and coordinated maps, observers—one or two men—were 'let up' to varying heights, where by telephone they would direct artillery fire, report troop movements, traffic on roads and railroads, location of ammunition dumps, and so on.

"American balloon men shared the same experiences and hardships of other combat troops—sleeping on the ground, eating poor chow, suffering the cold and wet, and seldom if ever relieved as were troops in other branches of service. My outfit, the 2d Balloon Company, for example, served in the lines for 244 days. The balloon then used was the French Cacquot Type R, made of rubberized silk in two sections—the upper cell for hydrogen for the 'lift,' and the lower for air to act as ballast to keep it from rolling. As for its elephant appearance—on the rear were elephant-ear-like stabilizers and a 'trunk' rudder, filled with air, all of which acted as does the tail on a kite—to keep the balloon riding steady and to keep it nosed directly into the wind.

"Now: The U. S.

Army Air Corps has advanced the art of observation ballooning. It has adopted the new convertible, motorized, streamlined, helium-filled, non-rigid Type C-6. It is made of impermeable neoprene (synthetic rubber). With an airship car powered by a small motor attached, it is capable of making from forty to fifty miles per hour. It can take off from its base, miles behind the lines, make a rendezvous with the winch truck and its small ground crew up forward with the artillery, land, and in a jiffy change over into an observation balloon by substituting a wicker basket for the motorized gondola and, hooking onto the winch cable and telephone connection, be off to look over the enemy as before.

Filled with helium, the new bag is less vulnerable to attack. When it lands, it is attached to a mooring mast atop the winch truck from which it can swing around with the wind, thus avoiding the turning of the truck or the aid of so many 'hemp pullers' to keep it under control. And the elephant ears and trunk

are gone forever. In their place four elevators, locked in neutral position, and a two-piece rudder serve as stabilizers. The new balloon has a ceiling of approximately 5500 feet compared to the 4000 feet of our service days. All 'gassing' is expected to be done at its behind-the-lines base, except in emergencies, thus eliminating the handling of gas cylinders at the front—the bane of every man's existence.

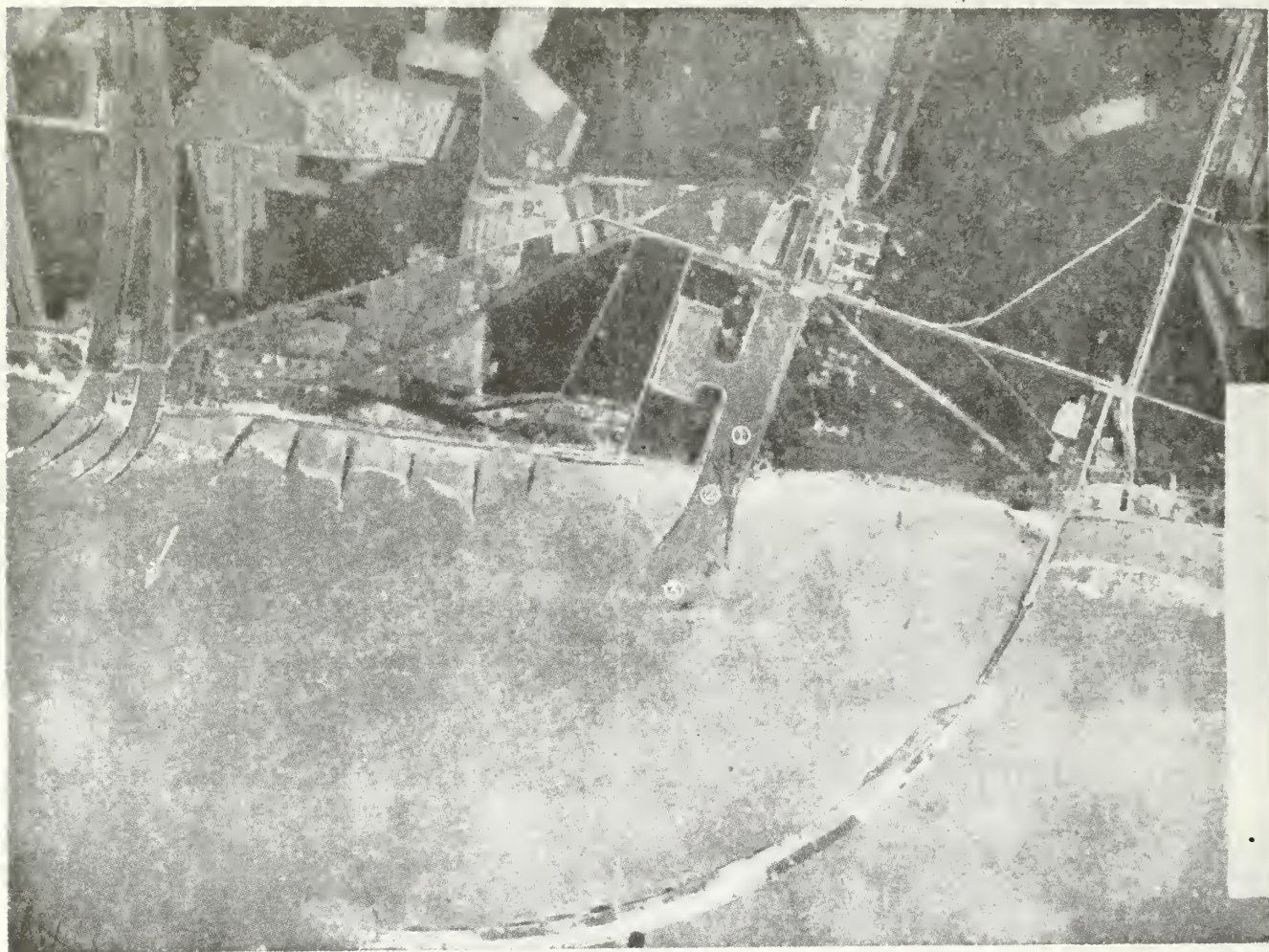
"It all sounds mighty fine—but there are one or two points that we oldtimers can't figure out: One: If, as it is planned, the pilot takes off from the base at night, even if he does locate the proposed point of observation, how can he land in the dark without lights—lights, either on the ground or in the air being, taboo at the front. Two: If planes attack, either while the balloon is en route or at the point of ascension, there are bound to be many bullet holes and much helium will escape, even though the balloon can be patched. There, again, is the need of gas cylinders at the front! Three: While a small ground crew is all that is required to handle the balloon and its rigging at the point of ascension, it mustn't be overlooked that there will still be need for airplane spotters, anti-aircraft gunners, telephone linemen, dispatch riders, chow details, and so on. So what? Only time will tell, gang!"

And all is being made in readiness for the veteran gasbaggers to chew over these problems in their line of wartime work. Following established custom, the





Photographie von Zeebrügge von einem englischen Flugzeug aufgenommen.



Die englischen Kriegsschiffe, die den Kanal verstopfen haben.

1. Antwerp. 2. Abwehr. 3. Zeebrügge. 4. Der vierde Schiffschiff.

An airplane view of the harbor of Zeebrügge, after the British had bottled up that enemy submarine base. In leaflet form, the picture was dropped behind German lines and was submitted by an ex-enemy soldier

National Association American Balloon Corps Veterans will again hold its annual reunion—its ninth—with the Legion National Convention. Headquarters have already been reserved in the Hotel Touraine, in the heart of Boston, overlooking Boston Common, and will be open during the entire week of the Convention. And, believe us, those balloonatics know how to handle a reunion in style. A newly-organized Balloon Bed (local “chapter” to us earthbound guys)—No. 10—will play host, and the three thousand active members of the association—plus those vets who haven’t yet signed up, but will—can get details from the reunion chairman, Gene Daley, 136 Highland Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts, who is also Adjutant of Boston Bed No. 10.

AMERICAN “Blitzkrieg”—1917 style. Thus was designated the contribution we received from Legionnaire E. L. (Gene) Paltenghi of 50 Park Avenue, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Well, maybe Gene’s right in poking a

little fun at some of the methods of transportation impressed into service when we were fighting men—long before the days of so much motorization of armies. And since the incident Gene relates occurred in the nation’s foremost metropolis, New York—and he submits, on the preceding page, pictorial proof of his account—it’s all the funnier.

“The speed with which we went to war back in the good old days of 1917,” writes Comrade Paltenghi, “is somewhat exemplified by the enclosed picture of a New York National Guard Regiment leaving its Armory for active duty via, of all things, street cars! Fourteen months later the regiment was under fire. The Germans were stunned—they had waited so long to surrender!

“Now take a good look at the snapshot. That’s

right! It’s the early 1917 version of an American “Blitzkrieg”—and anyone who reads the daily papers knows that that means, in our language, ‘lightning war.’ Yes, sir, my outfit started out to war on street cars. It was then known as the 8th Coast Defense Command, N. G., N. Y., and was moving out of our new Armory at Kingsbridge Road and Jerome Avenue, up in the Bronx, New York City.

“The electric street cars wound a tortuous journey to Throggs Neck, in neighboring Westchester County, whence the outfit hiked the remaining three miles from the end of the car line to old Fort Schuyler, where all but one battalion continued across Long Island Sound by ferry to Fort Totten, near Bayside, Long Island. The regiment was later the 58th Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps.





"For many years our regiment was as famous as the 'Fighting 69th' of the Rainbow Division. Before this coast defense outfit became the 'Old 8th,' it was famous as the 'Washington Greys.' It supplied the bodyguard on the occasion when General George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States at the old Federal Hall which stood at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets in Manhattan. Later another President, Theodore Roosevelt, held a commission as First Lieutenant in the 8th. Battery F of the Third Battalion of our 58th Regiment carried on this tradition of honor-posts on the occasion of President Wilson's historic speech in which he accepted Germany's challenge to the use of force in the arbitrament of differences.

"Lacking heavy tractor-drawn-type artillery when we got into the war, the Coast Artillery of both the Regular Army and the National Guard was called upon for trained personnel. The 26th, 27th, 29th, 31st and 32d Companies of our Regiment were used as the nucleus of the 58th Regiment of Coast Artillery. The regiment was composed of men of the Regular Army, the National Guard of New York and Maryland, and men of the National Army were used to bring the units up to wartime strength.

"The regiment used eight-inch British howitzers manufactured by the Midvale Steel Company, and participated in the final phase of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. My enlistment in the regiment was purely accidental. I happened to be walking past the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue during a noon-hour in April, 1917, and found there a recruiting party, complete with band. I was accosted by an officer and joined up

then and there without even knowing whether the service was Regular, National Guard, Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, or what-have-you. And thus I became a red-leg.

"We are planning a reunion-dinner of veterans of the regiment during the Legion National Convention in Boston next September and here's an invitation to all

of the old comrades to attend. I hope they'll write to me and tell me they'll be there."

ONE of the real pleasures of this job as Company Clerk comes from the many letters received by our contributors and by us regarding almost every picture or story that appears in these



**Not all fighting during the World War took place overseas. Above, the 59th Company of Marines chased native rebels in Cuba**



columns. That goes also for other feature stories and articles in the magazine. Many a wartime friendship has been re-established. The only bad feature is that the space limitation of this bulletin board prevents us from sharing these letters with all of the Then and Now Gang.

But here's a case somewhat out of the ordinary: Instead of a fellow Legionnaire writing to express interest in a contribution, we hear from a veteran of the army of our former enemy, who through Legion friends has had copies of the magazine made available to him. With the interesting air-view of Zeebrugge, with its captions in German, opposite, came a letter from Hans H. Kiefer of 50 Exton Avenue, North Arlington, New Jersey, who sent "Cordial greetings from a Heinie veteran." Here's the letter:

"The enclosed leaflet may interest you as an additional illustration for Jo Chamberlin's story 'St. George for Zeebrugge' which appeared in your January issue. This leaflet is a reproduction of an aerial photo of the harbor of Zeebrugge, showing the effects of the British naval expedition in 1918. William Heaslip, the artist, deserves particular praise for the life-true sketch illustrating Chamberlin's article. A comparison with the enclosed reproduction shows an amazing 100 percent accuracy of his illustration.

"This leaflet was dropped in great numbers by British fliers over and behind the German lines (*Continued on page 59*)

**When a plane took a header into San Diego Bay in the spring of 1919, a crew of gobs from the U. S. S. Yorktown rescued the flier**





# One Nation Indivisible

(Continued from page 13)

disorganized government kept from him vital supplies. Yet for four years the Army of Northern Virginia which he commanded wrote a record of exploits that has never been equaled.

His greatness, however, lies more in the sincerity and purity of his character. More than a soldier he was a gentleman, and if ever an army loved its leader those ragged, barefooted, hungry, gray-clad men loved General Lee. Even when at last the realization dawned on them that their cause was lost they continued to fight—not so much for the Confederacy as for “Marse” Lee.

So on April 9, 1865, these two men came together in a farm house. They shook hands and sat down. Grant, who had just finished a hard ride to come and who appeared tired, began to talk about old times and of the men they had known together in the Army of other days. Finally General Lee turned the conversation to the matter at hand. Grant asked for paper and pencil, and in a few simple words set down the terms of surrender. The terms held no bitterness, nothing in those words to injure the fierce pride of the Southerner—officers were to retain their sidearms and any enlisted man who claimed a horse or a mule was to keep it as he would need it for the “spring plowing.” Tactfully Grant had not made it necessary for Lee to offer his sword in surrender.

Reading the terms, Lee recognized in them the generosity of a fellow gentleman. “This will do much to conciliate our people,” he said quietly. And the war was over!

James Truslow Adams, in his interpretative history, *The Epic of America*, calls

attention to the contrast between this scene and that of a meeting held in a railroad car in 1918 where high officers with stars and orders and titles had come together to discuss terms for an armistice. “The small-town, undistinguished Hiram Grant,” Adams says, “uncultured and untraveled, looms above them all as a chivalrous gentleman and a magnanimous conqueror, as in a few words in that little farmhouse in 1865, in shabby fatigue uniform, he adds healing to the peace.”

At that historic meeting in the Forest of Compiègne in 1918 and in the Versailles conference that followed were sown seeds that have finally resulted in another great war. But the fruit of Appomattox has been a united America, distinctive among the nations of the world as a real commonwealth. Our population is composed of diverse groups and races, we have gone through two wars since then, we have faced numerous problems arising out of economic crises—but in the darkest hour we have continued to stand shoulder to shoulder as Americans in the firm faith “that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

These were the words of President Abraham Lincoln, spoken at the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield. The brave men, both North and South, who struggled there had consecrated more than just a battlefield; they had consecrated a nation that today pays honors to the heroes of the Confederacy equal to those of the North. After all, they were Americans, and among the greatest of these was Robert E. Lee.

Lee will always remain in our minds as

the epitome of the fine character of the Old South. And beside him stands Abraham Lincoln, whom H. G. Wells, the English historian, has included in his list of the six greatest immortals of all history.

He was born in a log cabin. He came from the common people and retained throughout his life their viewpoint. He had lived on the frontier and did not lose the vision of a great nation built upon the boundless faith of the pioneer. More than once he was disappointed, and then fate put him in the White House at a time when the country had become “a house divided against itself.” He was continually beset by job seekers and army contractors, and politicians even of his own party criticized him. An English correspondent who interviewed him early in the war described him as the ugliest man he had ever seen.

But behind that homeliness was a great heart filled with the spirit of sympathy and longing for peace. And today, on this seventy-fifth anniversary of his death, when strange ideologies have sprung up to plague us and many nations are again engaged in war, it is well for Americans to acquaint themselves anew with that spirit. Part of it can be found in the last paragraph of his Second Inaugural Address:

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

## Mars Grabs the Air Waves

(Continued from page 9)

Haw, who is probably Margaret. “Gairls of Britain—listen to me,” appeals Lady Haw Haw in an overdone Mayfair accent. “I used to be proud of my country! Now I know that England, tainted with Jewish ideas, must know the suffering of war for its own regeneration.

“I read with disgust of precautions to make sure that you really go to bed and don’t go running off to have fun with the soldiers and air force fellows at nearby camps. Gairls—women are treated differently here. They are regarded as human beings. The beastly things that happen in London can’t happen in Berlin!”

Captain Baillie-Stewart, a Scotch army officer who was sentenced to two years in the Tower of London for selling

military secrets to Germany, broadcast regularly from Berlin until January 1, 1940. Then he went to Bavaria with a variety actress, said to be the same woman to whom he sold the military secrets. There they were to have started a moving picture company, but never did. Early in February a new station began broadcasting German propaganda in English. Reliable informants assert the new station was Baillie-Stewart’s real reason for going south.

Nazi playlets are designed to show that happiness and contentment reign in the land of Hitler. A Hamburg butcher will be heard explaining to his women customers that there is absolutely no shortage, that they need but name their meat to get it. Inconsistency never troubles

the nazis. An hour later they are likely to include a crying baby and wailing mother to prove that Britain’s blockade is inhuman.

Special broadcasts to France, Italy and Canada have recently reminded their Catholic listeners that mass is always said on the West Wall before the nazi warriors go into battle. Captured British soldiers and airmen—real or pretended—are put on to tell their folks at home that the German prison camps are better than first class hotels. An American broadcaster recognized one of the “prisoners” as a nazi frequently seen around the station.

Some time ago Lord Haw Haw and cohorts offered a playlet called “Lloyd’s of London.” The famous Lutine Bell of



Lloyd's kept ringing to announce to the underwriters that ship after ship had been sunk. Englishmen just laughed. Every Britisher knows that the Lutine Bell is not rung every time a ship is lost, but only for news of special importance, such as word that a ship long overdue has been heard from.

The Hamburg station began a nightly series of threats against factories in England and Scotland. Each night one plant would be named, its war products enumerated, its camouflage described, and its air raid shelters listed. Nazi bombers would soon blow it to bits, said the voice. It was my bad luck that the station picked on plants at Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln just the evening before I arrived to visit them. More publicity was the last thing the managers wanted and an American journalist was welcome as smallpox. But what would the British have thought if the German broadcast had come the night after I visited the plants?

So far in this radio war the Germans are firing the most shots—sending out five times more broadcasts in English than the B.B.C. sends in German—but the British are scoring the most hits. Any German willing to risk detection to listen to a British broadcast is ripe for anti-nazi programs.

The nazis have established a special court to try listeners. The penalties are severe—four to six years at hard labor. If the culprit repeats what he has heard, or allows his radio to be heard by anyone else, he may get a death sentence. Frequently the German press carries notices of executions for this "treason."

But the Germans continue to listen. Safest way is to have one radio blaring the output of a nazi station, while another set is softly tuned to a foreign broadcast. Small foreign-made sets are sometimes concealed inside the standard German radio, which can pick up only the nazi stations.

One German will ask another what he "dreamt" last night. The second will reply that he had a wonderful dream, that, for instance, the *Ark Royal* has not been sunk. "That's peculiar," the other answers; "I dreamt the same thing!" The ruse is not a very subtle one but is much used.

The B.B.C. often plays a few bars of "*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*," the old German Army song of mourning, then reads off a list of recently-captured German soldiers, sailors and airmen. This is excellent bait for listeners, since the nazis do not always reveal such news at home.

A woman in East Prussia received official word from the government that her son had been lost in the sinking of a submarine. A memorial service was arranged in the village church. An hour or so later, the B.B.C. announced the boy's name as

one of the survivors. Secretly the mother was visited by the town grocer and told the good news. Shortly afterwards the tailor demanded to see the family in private. He told the same story. Three other friends similarly risked their lives. The memorial service was carried out as planned, but afterward there was a wine celebration held behind closed shutters.



"Light or dark?"

The B.B.C. makes much of the fact that the nazis do not allow open listening to foreign stations. "Himmler tells you it would be bad for your nerves to listen to foreign broadcasts. But it is not your nerves that he is afraid of, German people. It is your thoughts—and your memories. You are being fed on lies. We in England, on the other hand, listen nightly to the nazi broadcasts, with no fear that a policeman eavesdrops at the window."

The British news broadcasts in German are extremely matter-of-fact, carefully building up a reputation for accuracy. Impressive to the Germans is the fact that the B.B.C. reads both the Allied and the German official communiqués, while the nazis, of course, never do.

British broadcasts play phonograph records of extracts from speeches and writings by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Goebbels, and Hitler himself. "Hitler has always lied to you," the British announcer will begin. "He insisted that he was persecuting the communists to save Europe from bolshevism, and now he is a bosom companion of Stalin. Just listen to what he said of Russia on page 346 of the first German edition of 'Mein Kampf'."

Broadcasts which deal with shortages of food and material strike home. The Ministry of Economic Warfare gives the B.B.C. the basic material. Sometimes the British announcer will put on a "program for housewives" and quite casually read off recipes which call for "four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter,

and two tablespoons of sugar," which must make Germans think of their own menus.

The British frequently rebroadcast items picked up from the "German Freedom" station, which has supposedly been operating inside Germany for years, flitting about from place to place in a truck. Radio engineers say that it would take five or six trucks to carry equipment for such a station and that more probably it has been operating from the French border zone all the time. Along with an Austrian Freedom station, and another Free German station in France, this pirate outfit is a constant headache to the nazis.

Germany's technique in the early months of the war was to try to split the Allies. Day after day, its broadcasts in French reiterated the quip, "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman." Chief nazi broadcaster to France is Paul Ferdonnet, whom the French call "The Traitor of Stuttgart." "French women, where are your men?" he will ask. "All at the front, fighting for the bankers and the British. And where are the British? *Poilus*, tell me, have you ever seen a British soldier at the front? Where are they? I'll tell you. They're back of the front, enjoying themselves with your wives and daughters!"

Ferdonnet's campaign has been a complete failure. He has pulled several boners. One night he introduced a "French prisoner of war," Raymond Herve, gave details of Herve's unit, then his address in France, and finally allowed him to send his love to his wife. The real Raymond Herve was spending a week's leave at home and actually heard the broadcast. He has no idea how the Germans got details of his identity.

French broadcasts to Germany are quite similar to the British—annotated sections from Hitler's speeches, with emphasis on his broken promises, and the courageous speeches of Pastor Martin Niemöller.

The French have successfully disposed of the "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman" crack by describing the B.E.F. in the front lines and narrating the part played by the British navy and air force.

There has been very little jamming of the air, simply because jamming brings easy retaliation. During her attack on Poland, Germany used fake broadcasts on Polish wave lengths, but she has moved on to the B.B.C. wave lengths only once during the past six months, and that was at two in the morning, when few people were tuned in.

Several secret German-propaganda stations operating in Britain have kept British radio engineers on the jump. These pirate stations are of doubtful value; they are (Continued on page 34)



# Mars Grabs the Air Waves

(Continued from page 33)

soon tracked down and their audiences are very limited.

All belligerents, of course, pay the closest attention to enemy broadcasts and have elaborate listening and recording organizations.

CHIEF nazi broadcaster to the United States is Fred Kaltenbach, a former Iowan. Curiously enough, he served in the U. S. Army in 1918. He went to Berlin for his Ph.D., married a German girl and joined the nazi propaganda organization.

Once a week he reads a letter to "Dear Harry," a former schoolmate and fraternity brother named Harry Hagemann, who is a Waverly, Iowa, lawyer. "... Man, what a picture it is to see Hermann Goering's birds soaring swiftly overhead!" he declaims. "Boy, are they fast! Now, don't let the British drag America into this thing, Harry. Don't pull Britain's chestnuts out of the fire again." That last has been used before.

Kaltenbach does little harm but he continues to embarrass his onetime friends in Iowa.

The radio is now the chief weapon for bolstering German morale. Since September 3, 1930, every effort has been made to stir up a genuine hate against

the British and thus give the German people a fanatical reason for fighting. The British Empire is always "blood-stained." No accident in Germany is allowed to pass without the comment, "A number of suspicious strangers with English accents were noticed at the scene and are now being sought by the police."

Thus far, the British Secret Service has been blamed for the deaths of: Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, King Alexander of Yugoslavia, King Feisal of Iraq, King Ghazi of Iran, and M. Calinescu, the Rumanian Premier. British victories are never admitted. The defeat of the *Craf Spee* is still attributed either to the use of gas shells by the British cruisers or to the unfavorable and biased attitude of the Uruguayan government.

No day is complete without a broadcast verbatim of a visit to the front, with the thud of rifle butts, the stamping of boots and the bark of military commands. There are broadcasts supposed to come from airplanes out on reconnaissance work. German raiding parties comment into a handy microphone on their return from sorties in no-man's-land. Submarine commanders pop their heads out of their conning towers to describe the scene as

their latest victim goes to the bottom.

These broadcasts are written and acted by German "Propaganda Companies," made up of former newspaper men trained in a school at Potsdam. The reception of the programs has been excellent. Many German families daily make it a point not to miss them.

Following every home news bulletin and especially after the announcement of the sinking of another British warship, the nazi stations blare out their Hymn of Hate, a brassy march, "*Dann wir fahren gegen England!*" ("For we are sailing toward England!")

Unlike the German stations, the B.B.C. makes no effort to broadcast morale-boosting programs. Dance music and variety shows are broadcast direct to the troops in France every afternoon, but for home listeners programs are largely educational. Typical of the difference between Germany and Britain was one B.B.C. series entitled, "How to listen to German propaganda."

Radio has already proved its value as an offensive and defensive weapon. The generals are apt to snort their contempt, but the historians of the second World War will not. Radio is the fourth arm of a nation's fighting forces, the newest and one of the most powerful.

## There She Stands

(Continued from page 19)

was made here, too. Beverly and Marblehead still argue as to which is the birthplace of the American Navy. In Marblehead, incidentally, is the original of a painting known to every American school child—"The Spirit of '76"—which is on view in the town library.

Old Gloucester, where men have been going down to the sea since 1623, is worth a call, and so is Rockport, a haven for marine artists. Salem has the House of the Seven Gables, complete with ghost and hidden stairway, and the notorious Witch House. It also has the Essex Institute—a library and museum where countless Americans come each year to trace the foundings of their families in the United States. Inland a bit, near Haverill, is the birthplace of John Greenleaf Whittier, who doubtless would not approve of the North Shore's swell horse race track at Suffolk Downs or of the dog track at Revere.

From Boston to the Cape Cod Canal is the South Shore, a drive through trim villages and along the coast to The Rock at old Plymouth. The famous Rock is still there, in full view but protected from souvenir hounds by grating. Driving to

Plymouth you come to Quincy, where two American Presidents were born, lived and are buried, and where the first railroad in the United States was laid—to take Quincy granite to Charlestown for the Bunker Hill Monument. In Marshfield is the estate of the late and sonorous Dan'l Webster, Esq., a Dartmouth boy who made good, and the house of Governor Winslow, filled with antiques. You shouldn't hurry through this country, for there is so much to see. Duxbury abounds in Pilgrim lore; here are the Myles Standish Monument and the John Alden House, and in nearby Scituate, for contrast, is the vast mansion of Thomas Lawson (Legionnaires will recall his *Frenzied Finance*) as well as the immortal well which inspired Samuel Woodworth, native author, to compose *The Old Oaken Bucket*. Famed Nantasket Beach is on the South Shore, and so is Cohasset, with its celebrated clams.

Those with an interest in the subject might run over to old New Bedford, famous for whales and whalers before *Moby Dick* became a movie, and even make the run to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, two historical islands known to

Leif Ericson long before Columbus was born. On the mainland here is Fall River (remember that song?), still a great textile city. You won't see Lizzie Borden there any more, but they'll show you the remnants of a still older mystery—the remains of the Skeleton in Armor, made famous by Longfellow.

Beyond Plymouth is Cape Cod Canal and the Cape itself—sixty-five miles of wild headlands, sun-drenched sand, light-houses, a windmill or two, and the originals of an architecture that is all American—the Cape Cod Salt Box. The Cape is salty, weatherbeaten, and wild and calm by turns. Any of its ancient fishing villages appeals to the artist of brush or camera. Down at the very tip is Provincetown, with its colonies of artists and writers, some of them long-haired, and everywhere on the Cape are the justly famous blueberry dumplings, bluefish, and quahog (pronounced co-hog) chowder.

All roads in Massachusetts lead to and from Boston. That's why natives, borrowing from the first Oliver Wendell Holmes, proudly refer to it as The Hub. From Boston to Portland, Maine, is a two-hour



drive. New Hampshire's White Mountains and lakes are three hours away; Vermont's Lake Champlain, with neighboring Fort Ticonderoga, and the Green Mountains, are about the same distance. The Barre quarries, the largest granite producing district in the United States, are another Vermont show place that Conventionnaires will want to see.

But you don't have to leave Boston to get variety. You can fish and sail in the harbor, and boat on the Charles. Golf courses and tennis courts are almost without number. And don't for a moment get the idea there is a shortage of whoopee places in town. Boston's galaxy of night spots ranges from swank hotels to joints with sawdust on the floor and Frankie & Johnnie in the juke-box. The theater season will be on in September and here, for much less money, you can see the shows that will be on Broadway by October.

If like many who are approaching middle age, you have come to wonder something about those rugged old parties who first brought your name to the New World, then the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Boston Public Library are fine prospecting ground. A good share of the early records of old American families are there and so are incredibly patient and courteous people to help you. In the Library alone are approximately one million cards concerning branches of families.

Possibly by now, when the Legion is twenty-one years old, higher education may be a leading topic in your family. If so, you've come to the right place. Somebody once paraphrased Webster's oft misquoted remark "Massachusetts, there she stands!" to "There she teaches." And it's true that the concentration of educational institutions in this State is surprising. Seeing either Harvard or Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a trip in itself. Guides at both places will show you the sights, or you can go it alone. Radcliffe is handy, so are Wellesley, Tufts, Andover, Simmons, Boston College and Boston University. Worcester has Clark and Holy Cross, as well as a grand art museum and the wonderful collections of the American Antiquarian Society.

Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst, Exeter, Groton, Andover, and Brown, all are within easy driving distance from Boston. So are Yale, Williams, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Colby and Bowdoin.

Industrial museums have been mentioned. In Boston is the unique Children's Museum, a fascinating place as difficult to get adults to leave as it is the youngsters. The several museums of Harvard are open to the public, and Boston's Museum of Natural History is noted nationally for its new and most realistic exhibits of wild life.

Paul Revere is to be a sort of watchword, a countersign, at the Boston con-

vention, and he and his horse will appear on the official badge. Everyone knows about his ride but not all know he was Boston's most eminent dentist and a fine craftsman in copper and silver. At the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the proper setting of authentic Colonial rooms, are hundreds of pieces of Revere's craftsmanship, as well as a portrait of Paul by the celebrated, if Tory, Copley,



"What puzzles me is where they hauled the dirt!"

and other portraits of Paul and the second Mrs. Revere by Gilbert Stuart. At the Fine Arts also is the original of Stuart's portrait of George Washington, and many oils of the Founding Fathers.

As this is written, Cyrus E. Dallin is at work on an equestrian statue of Revere, exactly fifty-six years after the city of Boston accepted Dallin's model for the statue but failed to appropriate cash. ("The first fifty years are the hardest," says Dallin.) This work will be finished before Convention time and will be placed on Paul Revere Mall, in Boston's North End, not far from Revere's house, which is open to visitors.

There are a number of statues in town worth seeing. On the Common is one of the few monuments dedicated to a Negro—Crispus Attucks, a victim of the so-called Boston Massacre. In the Old State House, if you ask, an attendant will show you the picture of the Massacre, done by none other than P. Revere, the well-known artist and engraver. On the Common also is a statue to Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish lad whom Washington made a general. In the adjoining Public Garden is one of the finest pieces in town—the brooding figure of Edward Everett Hale. And what did he do? He wrote *The Man Without a Country*.

Do girls of today read *Little Women*? I don't know, but I'm guessing that the wives of most Legionnaires have read it, and five minutes' walk from the Common will take them to quaint and quiet Louisburg Square, on Beacon Hill, and the brick house where Louisa May Alcott did much of her writing. On the Square, too,

are homes that once housed the Swedish Nightingale, Jennie Lind, and the actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske. In nearby Concord is Orchard House, home of the Alcotts for several years, where Louisa May wrote the first part of her most famous book.

Moored in Charlestown, in sight of Bunker Hill, is the *Constitution*—Old Ironsides. And if you go up Breed's Hill to Bunker Hill Monument—it isn't much of a climb—you ought to stop a moment at the statue of Colonel William Prescott, not only because he said, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," but also because it is one of the finest statues you'll ever see. Take it in profile, or head-on; note the expression of the face, even to the eyes; note the simple easy grace of the posture. If you don't get a thrill from the statue and the circumstance of its subject, you had better see your doctor.

But if your feet are bad, or if you are naturally lazy, or if you simply want to sit and ponder the scene, then don't for a moment leave Boston Common. Sit there in sunshine and shadow and let the shades of the past troop by. They are here, most of them. Spanish War volunteers marched here when you were just getting out of diapers. The Boys of '61 drilled on the Common. So did home-spuns with flintlocks. And before even them, Lord Howe's redcoats bivouacked here, until Continental artillery on Dorchester Heights got their range.

Recruiting officers for every American war have held forth on the Common. The Adamsses, the Hancocks, the Warrens, all pastured their cows on the Common. Ethan Allen came here to buy powder for his Green Mountain Boys. Dan'l Webster spoke here. So did the Marquis de Lafayette. Here, in the halls and churches around the green, Parker and Sumner and Phillips spoke against slavery, and here Garrison was dragged with a rope around his neck. Emerson liked to walk the Common. So did Hawthorne, Longfellow, Doctor Holmes.

And in this year of 1940, when the few democracies left seem in danger of infection by intolerance, it might be well to reflect, while sitting here under the elms, on other things that have taken place on the Common. In 1660, for instance, one Mary Dyer, whose only and sufficient offense was that she was a Quaker, was hanged here; and a bit later three other unfortunate women met a like fate on this same ground. These women were neither reds nor nazis nor fascists, nor yet Jews, Catholics, or Protestants. A court held they were witches.

**National Convention  
Boston  
September 23d to 26th**



# Orchids and Onions

(Continued from page 17)



cabbage hung about the place like incense.

A small girl with tight red braids like small carrots, was vigorously scrubbing the front steps.

"Gramma, Gramma," she shouted, and a flock of children burst from the door.

Nora settled her grotesque straw hat more securely upon her head, gathered her skirt tightly around the onions, and alighted from the car to the round-eyed amazement of the eagerly waiting children. They crowded around her, delighted at her return and astonished beyond words to see her arrive in such style.

"I shall expect you on Tuesday morning. I live at 21 Forsythe Place and my name is Mrs. Douglas Archer. I am so sorry that I struck you with my car and it is fortunate that you were not injured. Goodbye." Elizabeth released the clutch and the big car moved quietly away.

Nora waved her free hand and called after her, "Good day to yez, thank ye kindly for the ride. I'll be there on Tuesday; ye can count on me."

The dust from the unpaved street rolled up in a cloud as Elizabeth left the neighborhood and resumed her journey to the cemetery.

She placed the exquisite spray of orchids beside the white cross which marked her son's grave. Kneeling silently, she pressed her forehead against the cold stone. It was scarcely whiter than her softly waved hair. She drew off her gloves to arrange the flowers and her hands, though lined with age, were soft and well manicured. A husky sob escaped her tight lips but her eyes were dry and tortured as she rose to her feet and wearily retraced her steps to her car.

Promptly on the following Tuesday morning, Nora O'Brien knocked at the back door of the palatial Archer home. After being admitted she wasted no time in getting the cleaning under way. Pinning her skirts snugly around her stout hips, she knelt on plump knees and scrubbed the tile floor in the kitchen. Her hands were rough and her fingernails were broken and grubby. Her face was soon damp with perspiration and she paused to push back a stray lock of grayish red hair.

"'Tis a grand home ye have, ma'am, ye must be happy livin' in it."

"I doubt if one's possessions contribute much toward one's happiness," Elizabeth answered curtly.

"Maybe not, ma'am," Nora grinned, "but, sure, 'twould be a fine thing to know that the little ones would always have enough to eat and be warm."

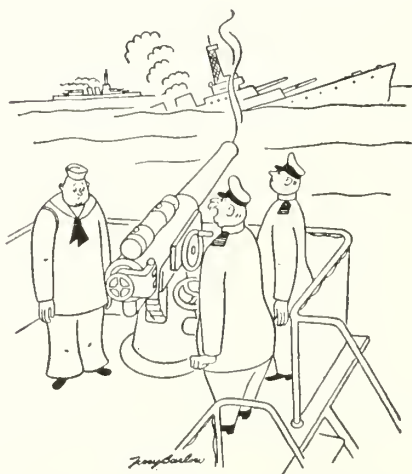
Nora scrubbed industriously for a few moments but she loved to talk and nothing stilled her tongue for long.

"Ye shouldn't be unhappy, ma'am, ye really ought to know ye shouldn't. Ye'd be surprised how much joy there is in livin' once ye get the hang of it." Nora wiped her damp forehead with the back of her rough hand. "Years ago when I first lost me boy, Jimmy, Father Connell came and talked to me. He told me all about how our Lord has written it all out in the Good Book for just such as me. All ye need to do, so he said, was to forget your own troubles for a time and do someone else a kindness. 'Tis just as easy as that and, begorra, it works!"

Nora chuckled as she vigorously sloshed the cleaning cloth around in the pail of sudsy water and wrung it dry with strong, capable fingers. "Sure, I get down in the dumps now and then meself, but all I need to do to cure 'em is to make a nice bowl of onion soup for some poor soul who needs a bit o' cheer."

Elizabeth glanced disdainfully at the kneeling figure and left the kitchen. Her gray satin house-coat made little whispering sounds as she walked, a trim, erect figure for all her sixty-five years.

Nora worked at the Archer home two days in each week thereafter. One evening when Elizabeth complained of a slight cold she was much concerned and appeared next morning bearing a small earthen-ware bowl of onion soup.



**"Next time you salute the admiral—don't aim!"**

Elizabeth was completely nonplussed and somehow irritated that Nora, her cleaning woman, should presume to do her a neighborly kindness. Years of living in a frozen shell of reticence had left their mark upon her.

"Wait now," beamed Nora, "while I go to the kitchen and heat it up for ye."

Nora hustled out to the kitchen and soon returned with the bowl of pungent, steaming onion-soup.

"Ye must eat it while it's hot. 'Twill make ye feel much better."

Elizabeth, reclining on a chaise-lounge, accepted the proffered gift grudgingly.

"My Jimmy used to love it and so do the little ones. Spry as crickets they are, Lord love 'em."

Nora heaved a sigh. "If only me poor man was as well. The doctor keeps a say-in' he should go to the hot springs; 'twould help his arthritis, but heavenly days, that would take a mint o' money. Here I stand a chewin' the fat with ye whin I should be on me way to work. I go to Mrs. Van Dyke's today and tomorrow."

"Thank you very much for the soup. It was very kind of you." Elizabeth's lips spoke the words but her eyes denied them.

"'Tis welcome ye are and I'll not be through with me work in time to go to the cemetery tomorrow if I don't get along. Faith I've never missed a Memorial Day yet, but work is like the poor—'tis always with us." Nora chuckled as she prepared to leave. "I'll finish in time to get out to the cemetery, come evenin'. Good day to ye and I hope ye'll be feelin' better."

Nora clumped down the steps and up the street. Her faded blue gingham dress was a little short in back and a white cotton petticoat showed beneath it.

Memorial Day dawned sunny and warm. Elizabeth, completely recovered from her cold but unable to face the day with all its bitter memories, closed the door, drew the shades, and stayed home alone with her grief. Toward evening when she thought the crowds would have left the cemetery, she dressed in trim, tailored clothes, adjusted a small black hat over her smoothly waved white hair, and carrying a spray of orchids, left her house.

She drove directly to Mt. Calvary Cemetery. It was sundown and the birds were twittering their evening song as she walked up the familiar path to the Archer family plot. Here and there a small flag and a wreath of bright red poppies marked the resting place of a World War veteran. The hush and quiet of evening was over it all. The spirea hung in great snowy cascades and the



faintly sickish, sweet fragrance of many dying cut flowers hung in the still spring air.

As she drew near to her plot she was surprised to see a woman kneeling beside her son's grave. Something vaguely familiar about the bowed head and stooping shoulders, caused her to stop.

"Where have I seen her kneeling just so? Who can it be?" she puzzled.

A picture of a plump figure kneeling beside a scrub-pail flashed through her mind. "Scrubbing my floor—of course! It's Nora."

She came closer and Nora glanced up. Her rough, red hands were clasped and her plain face shone with an inner radiance. Seeing her, Nora rose stiffly to her feet.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, if I'm intrudin'. I never once thought about this bein' your boy's grave. Sure, 'twas stupid of me for it says 'James Archer,' plain as day on the cross. I've been sayin' a bit of a prayer here on Memorial Day for many a year. Ye see my boy's name was Jimmy, too, and I've no way of kneelin' at his grave since 'tis far across the water they laid him."

"You are not intruding, Nora," Elizabeth answered as she knelt beside the white cross. She touched the small flag and spray of red poppies lovingly as she placed the exotic, mauve orchids beside them. Removing her hat she pressed her troubled head against the white stone. A slight breeze ruffled her white hair. Deep compassion stirred in Nora's great heart and because "the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," she stooped and laid her work-roughened hand kindly upon Elizabeth's shoulder.

Something about the simple friendly gesture pierced the frozen shell of Elizabeth's pent up grief and she wept in great shivering sobs. The tears coursed unheeded down her cheeks.

"There, there, just cry your poor heart out; ye'll feel the better for it," Nora spoke gently.

"But you can't possibly understand. I shall never find peace for I can never be forgiven. Oh, Jimmy boy, if only you could have forgiven me before you died," Elizabeth sobbed aloud.

Nora's sympathy and understanding had opened the floodgates and all the repressed grief and longing of twenty bitter years poured like a devastating flood upon Elizabeth's bent shoulders.

"There now, tell ould Nora all about it. 'Twill ease the poor heart of ye." Nora sat down beside the weeping woman.

Unable to resist the temptation to share her burden of grief, Elizabeth poured out her story between quivering sobs, as she and Nora sat side by side on the soft grass.

"James was our only child. He was just seventeen when war was declared. He had only a half semester left in high-school and (Continued on page 38)

JUNE, 1940

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



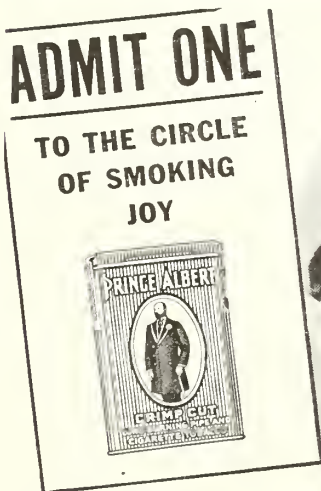
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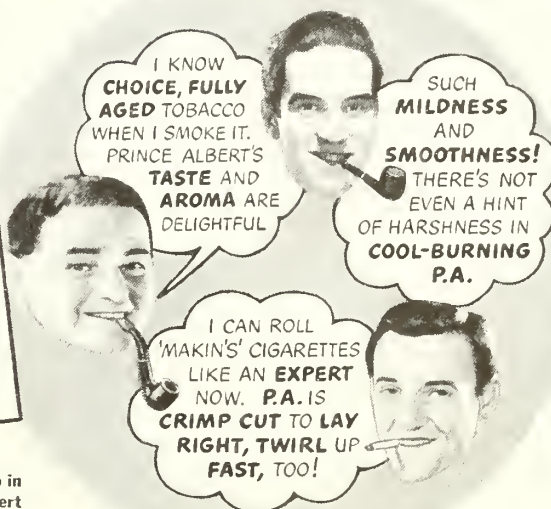
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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





# Orchids and Onions

(Continued from page 37)

was already registered in Harvard. Young as he was, he displayed keen legal talent and such a sunny, care-free disposition. His father and I were extremely proud of him, of course." Elizabeth paused as the crushing memory came flooding over her. She twisted her gloves in her tense fingers as she went on. "When war was declared he was among the first to enlist. His father commended him for his patriotism but I was bitterly opposed to it. We quarreled day and night about it. Finally, in a fury, I absolutely forbade him to go and told him if he did, he need not come back."

Elizabeth paused and looked at Nora. "Oh, I know you are wondering how I could say such a thing to a boy I loved. I wonder, too, now. I was beside myself with fear of losing him—I think I was nearly out of my mind. He said—he hoped he never would come back—such bitter words! He left with his company and I would not go down to the station to see him off. His regiment was one which was sent overseas very soon and those cruel words were the last we heard him say. He was in the trenches in less than two months and was killed in their first major engagement."

Elizabeth covered her face with trembling hands. The last vestige of her pride and arrogance had vanished, leaving in its place only grief and humility. "The first word we had of him was the telegram from the Government telling us of his death. My husband was crushed. He could not forget my last cruel words to James. I think he, in a way, blamed me for our son's death. 'Your bitter tongue,'

he said, 'sent the poor kid out there alone to die. I could forgive you if the boy had, but since he couldn't, no more can I.' Our life since that time has been only a semblance of living. We brought James's body back but it has been no comfort. I have utterly lost them both." Elizabeth sobbed the harder and Nora drew her head to her motherly breast and comforted her as she would a hurt child.

During Elizabeth's recital she had been doing some quick thinking.

"Will ye forgive a poor, silly ould woman who has had the means o' healin' your broken heart all these years and hadn't the wits to know it?" she burst forth.

"What do you mean?" Elizabeth raised her head in astonishment. Her face was wet with tears and she was shaken with the tumult of her emotions.

"Easy now, and I'll tell ye. 'Twas in the last letter we got from our Jimmy. I remember it like 'twas yesterday." Nora gulped a little and plunged on. "I—I think I can tell you all that was in the letter. 'My buddy, James Archer, stopped one today,' he wrote. 'He was goin' over the top when it got him. I helped him back to the trench but I could see he was goin' fast. 'O'Brien,' he says, 'I'm done for. No doubt you will have the luck o' the Irish and ye'll make it back home. Whin ye get there tell me mother everything's forgiven. Tell her I love her and I'm sore grieved that I quarreled with her.'"

"'And where is your mother livin' and how shall I find her?' my boy asked

him, but that quick he was gone.'" Nora paused and looked hard at Elizabeth. "That was the last letter we had from him. Somehow the luck o' the Irish failed him and he never made it home. 'Twas God's will, no doubt." Nora devoutly crossed herself.

"Oh, Nora, Nora, you've no idea what this means to me. May I see the letter? Oh, please, let me read those last precious words." Elizabeth cried out in eagerness as she jumped to her feet.

"Faith, ma'am, twenty years is a long time and many's the time we have moved, here and there. The letter has been lost this long time. But I'm rememberin' it, ma'am, just like I told ye," Nora insisted.

"God bless you, Nora, you have almost given me back my boy." Elizabeth's face was alight with joy and relief as she extended her hand to Nora.

Grasping the proffered hand, Nora rose stiffly to her feet.

"I must be goin'. The little ones at home will be needin' me and me poor man has no supper yet. No doubt ye will want to say a bit of a prayer—alone?"

Elizabeth laid her soft, well-manicured hand on Nora's shabby shoulder. "I can never tell you how grateful I am for what you have told me. I shall find some way of showing my appreciation."

"'Tis welcome ye are," Nora trudged down the path in the gathering dusk. At a turn in the path she paused and looked back. "Holy and merciful Mother Mary, will ye be forgivin' a lyin' ould woman?" she murmured.

# Mattress Men

(Continued from page 21)

catching and is not reluctant to say so, thinks that Mickey Cochrane was the outstanding catcher in the game. Connie in recalling some of his backstops like Jack Lapp, Paddy Livingstone, Ira Thomas and Doc Powers and on down to Perkins stated that Mickey wasn't afraid to tell the old master occasionally that he was wrong on plays. Connie used to call practically all the pitches from the bench, just as McGraw did when he had catchers as great as Bresnahan and Meyers. Many times in tough spots Black Mike would veto Connie's signals and do as he pleased. In all the years he caught for Connie he was wrong only a couple of times. There weren't many who thought Cochrane could run a team and plot strategy, outside of Mack—but Mickey delivered when he took over the Detroit Tigers.

When Cochrane ran Detroit he had old Ralphy Perkins by his side as coach and assistant. Cochrane's greatness as a catcher, leader and hitter was recognized after his accident in 1937. Struck in the temple by a sailer thrown by Bump Hadley of the Yankees, his great fight for his life won for Mickey the respect and admiration of the baseball fans of the nation. It may here be recalled that Mickey was injured under similar circumstances in 1931. Then a member of the Athletics, he had hit a homer off Sergeant Connally, pitching for Cleveland, and then was hit by a pitched ball on his next trip to the plate. He recovered within a few days.

Today Cochrane is out of baseball and no one in these United States regrets it more than Mickey himself. He's now a tire salesman de luxe peddling wheel

coverings to auto makers in job lots—and drawing down a good salary. It's nice, easy work but he's not a happy gent.

He'd much rather be back on a ball field arguing with an ump, stamping up and down a dugout yelling at his players to get in there and fight, and listening to the shouts and howls of the fans. Many conflicting tales are whispered why Mickey was shelved. Some say he wanted to dictate the policies of the club; others mention that he could not get along with his players.

Perhaps having his skull fractured and the breaking down of his health had much to do with his release. Those close to him say he's still the same congenial fellow that he was behind the plate. Mickey certainly still has the old fight of a catcher in his blood, for catchers have



to do more fighting than any member of a team. Today you will find him around a visiting team in a Detroit hotel lobby encouraging the young players and arguing out plays and decisions with old cronies. Baseball was good to Cochrane. In seventeen years of playing, after having taken a college course in business management, he has a large insurance trust fund, a block of fashionable real estate in Detroit, and a healthy salary.

If an army moves on its stomach a ball club certainly moves around a 100-game catcher. They have their fingers in practically every play. A daring, tough receiver is respected around a circuit. You can replace an outfielder or a pitcher should they twist an ankle or come up with a charley horse, but let a first string backstop of the Dickey-Ferrell-Danning-Hartnett type break a finger and watch a manager blow up.

Most clubs before a game have a clubhouse meeting to discuss enemy batters. The whole squad is asked to make suggestions on how to pitch to the invaders. The catchers usually sit back and try to remember what not to serve up to the heavy hitters. A catcher without a good memory is sure in a hopeless spot. Some even keep notebooks on the road. A man up for his first year in the big leagues is usually a mystery, unless some player has remembered his weakness from the minors. There are some wallopers, like Ducky Medwick, who'll swing on anything and have no weakness. Some hitters change their taste in mid-season and it's up to the catcher to remember that also. Pitchers have a lot of faith in their catchers and many a jittery hurler only needs a few words from a wise backstop to cool down and thunder 'em across or twist a sweet curve, to rid himself of a troublesome hitter.

A windpad artist who knows all the tricks of the trade is a gift from the gods to any club. He must know how to toss away his mask and cap automatically to capture a soaring pop fly or foul; how to dig a fast "downer" out of the dirt when heaved by a low-ball pitcher, especially with men on the bases. Time is a mighty big factor and being hemmed in by a batter and the ump it takes grace as well as speed to heave the ball to catch a baserunner napping. The catcher has to know when to tell the infield to shift and he has to be able to dash out and scoop up a bunt and hurl the ball down to first without braining the runner. All that takes skill as well as energy.

Of all the performers back of the plate in the big time none goes about his duties with less show or does a more perfect job than Bill Dickey of the Yankees. "Sweet William" is one of those players that nobody knows. A first-rate backstop and a dangerous hitter, Dickey has no personal magnetism and is a good example of how an excellent mittman can go unnoticed. For nearly ten years he was forgotten by all but the pitchers. But who wouldn't (*Continued on page 40*)

# OLD GRAND-DAD

## *Head of the Bourbon Family*

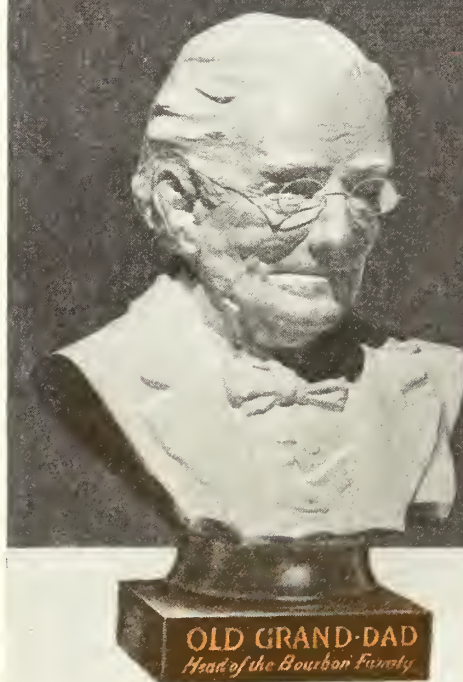
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# Mattress Men

(Continued from page 39)

be unnoticed on a team with such stars as Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, DiMaggio and Gordon. William did his part well and hence the catching department was overlooked until the Yanks ran roughshod over the Cubs and the Reds in the last two World Series waltzes.

Dickey's chances of ever becoming a catching great were mighty slim when he reported to the Yanks. First off, he was stricken down with pneumonia and it was feared he might wind up at Saranac a victim of a lung condition. His long, lanky build was against tradition, for most catchers were supposed to have the build between an ice-wagon and a locomotive—Hartnett, Lombardi, Phelps and Mancuso, not to forget the other great shadow makers of the Shanty Hogan variety. This was back in 1928. Yet, "Sweet William" when he throws away his glove and mask and the rest of his over-stuffed covering, will perhaps leave a catching record that will astound those who love to dote on records.

Since 1929 he has caught more than a hundred games a season for the Yankees. Barring injury, he will no doubt top Gabby Hartnett's record for he is but thirty-three and the Cub manager is slowing up. Dickey should have at least six more good seasons under his mask. He's a sure-fire base hitter and an infallible defensive catcher. When Bill came to the Yankees they had three good catchers in Grabowski, Bengough and Collins. Grabowski broke a finger ten days after the season opened in 1929 and Dickey took his place and has been in there ever since. Bill's a peaceful bloke and outside of the punch he let fly at Carl Reynolds in '32, breaking the jaw of the Senator outfielder, has confined his punching to base hits.

In 1934 Dickey and Gehrig became roommates. That went on until last year, when Lou was forced to retire on account of his health. Bill was often the doctor when the great Iron Horse would sink into a batting slump. Both love fishing, and between pep talks and angling Dickey was the perfect tonic to bring the moody Gehrig out of it. Dickey once thought he could pitch and did some hurling back in Little Rock when he started to take an interest in the game. Now and then he'll pitch the ball back at a dopey pitcher with such speed that even the fans notice it.

Dickey has what it takes in the pinches. He struggled through the 1936 World Series with a broken left hand. Six weeks before the classic meeting

with the Giants a southpaw with the Athletics fractured it with a pitched ball. Bill knew the Yank pitchers had confidence in him and Manager McCarthy needed him to bring home the bacon. He had trouble holding a bat, but never flinched. He suffered agony, for it was his gloved hand that had to stop the bullets fired by Ruffing, Gomez, Hadley, Pearson and Malone.

Dickey was always a favorite with the



"He wants to smoke the pipe of peace!"

late Colonel Jake Ruppert. Generous Jake had heard Bill ask for a two thousand raise and told him he'd have to be satisfied with sixteen for the season. Thinking it over, the quiet, smiling Dickey said that if that was all the colonel thought he was worth he'd better take it, and signed the contract. Ruppert then out of goodness of heart took the contract, scratched out the sixteen and wrote in \$18,000, while the surprised Dickey gulped a couple of times.

The New York Giants have in Harry Danning a number one backstop that can be rated with the best in baseball. Harry the Horse, as the black haired, hawk-nosed Californian is known to Polo Ground addicts, plays the game with his body, heart and soul. He's a good hitter and handles the twists of the low-ball twirlers Hubbell, Schumacher and Gumbert with ease. It's not so hard to snare the tosses of a Dizzy Dean, Mungo or Melton, but to dig the ball out of the dirt with men on base takes a special kind of catching engineering which Danning has worked out to perfection.

Manager Bill Terry of the Giants has always had confidence in Danning and the Horse in the past two seasons has surprised his severest critics with his dash, skill and untiring efforts to win games. Like Dickey, the strong armed, ex-ice-delivery boy has had a long wait in reaching the top with the Giants. When he first reported to McGraw Hogan and

O'Farrell were looking after the catching department. He was shipped to Bridgeport and had to spell off playing in the outfield and guarding the plate.

Then McGraw resigned and Terry took over the team and sent for Danning. When the good news reached him he was on third base ready to score. A Springfield batter hit a screamer. Everyone saw it but Danning. It struck him in the jaw and broke it. Then came nine long days in bed. He lost eighteen pounds. When he could play again they shipped him to Winston-Salem, which soon folded. Then he was sent over to High Point.

Danning felt sorry for the rest of the team, for he had to be the batter and the ump to talk to, but the outfielders sure were lonely at times, for no one ever came to see the team play. In 1933 he was with Buffalo, which was managed by Ray Schalk, the old White Sox catcher. He taught Harry how to scoop up low balls and all the other strange tricks a smart man with a mattress on his chest should know. In 1934 Terry again sent for him and

he sat on the bench mostly, getting in but two games. He fell into luck having Frank Snyder, another great catcher and the club coach, as his roommate. Being a good listener, he picked up more knowledge of the receiving end of the game.

Came 1937, and Gus Mancuso, now with Brooklyn, broke a finger. Terry leaned over into the dugout and motioned to the Horse to buckle on his mattress and take over. Since that afternoon Danning has been the number one boy behind the plate for the Giants. He blocks the home platter like a concrete wall and is respected around the circuit. When a kid in Los Angeles he had to catch if he wanted to play ball on the lots with the bigger boys. At twenty-nine he insists he still hasn't mastered the art and it's his hitting that has gotten him where he is today.

Many managers think it good psychology to have a two-ton catcher breathing on the necks of belligerent batters. In Gabby Hartnett the Cubs have for the past seventeen seasons had the perfect backstop. Maybe there's something in the Massachusetts air that breeds catchers; for like Perkins and Cochrane the 220-pound Charles Leo Hartnett began catching in the Bay State, at Millville. Discovered by a Cub scout he started from New England in 1922 for the island of Catalina. Going three thousand miles from home to play ball must have frightened the youth, for he was silent



from Chicago to the Wrigley isle in the Pacific.

It was then a sportswriter gave him the handle of Gabby. His quiescence annoyed the writer. Bill Killifer, then managing the Cubs, was ready to ship him away, when Doyle, the scout who discovered him, squawked that his find deserved a chance. Gabby caught an exhibition game at Los Angeles and was kept . . . yes, kept for eighteen seasons. He has toiled for the Cubs under six managers and now is winding up his career as the boss-man himself.

On the field he is a noisy go-getter, while off it a quiet, home loving citizen of Chicago. Gabby has a motherly way with pitchers and thinks Dizzy Dean is one of the game's greatest hurlers. Old Diz will pay attention to Gabby's signals and in a game against the Giants the great one pitched only 88 balls to hold the New Yorkers to five hits. Gabby caught the great Hubbell in the 1934 All-Star Game when the screwball expert struck out Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons and Joe Cronin in succession in two innings.

In his first major league game and the first time he'd ever been in a major league park he was called upon to catch Grover Cleveland Alexander. Old Pete was beginning to fade then but the great master put his okay on Gabby's catching. It was Alex's praise to Killifer, who once had been his old battery mate, that put Gabby in solid with his boss.

Under Managers Killifer, Maranville, Gibson, McCarthy and Grimm, Gabby has seen backstops come and go with the Cubs. Most of them didn't last because they could not hit. Good hitters have been turned into backstops, like Rudy York of the Tigers. Gabby cleaved the breezes often when he was starting; today he is one of the most dangerous hitters in baseball.

His home run against the Pirates in the ninth in 1938 equals any dramatic moment the game has ever produced. With the game about to be called for darkness Gabby was in a spot. With two out, the score five to five, with a called strike and a swing against him he poled the ball into the left field bleachers to sink the wavering Pittsburghers. That win put the Cubs in front for the pennant. Fans poured from the stands and escorted the smiling giant across the plate. Hartnett was one of the few who thought Dizzy Dean was far from through when the chewing gum king Wrigley purchased him from the Cards. Old Diz cost \$185,000 and three players. They'll have to sell a lot of chewing gum to make up that amount and also what was spent for medical surveys to learn whether or not Diz's wing was ready for pitching or soup.

Gabby encouraged Old Diz and the talkative hurler himself admits that it was his foolhardy mistake of ignoring Hartnett's signal that caused him to be struck on the toe in the 1937 All-Star game. Gabby's (Continued on page 42)

JUNE, 1940

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# Mattress Men

(Continued from page 41)

most dreadful moments came in the '29 series. It was the fourth game against the Athletics. The Cubs were out in front 8 to 0, in the seventh. Simmons, the first up, hit a homer and then the slaughter started. Connie's artillery batted all the way round and then some, winning the game 10 to 8. Joe McCarthy was stumped on just what to do to halt the bombardment.

Gabby once tried to play first base and all but caused a riot in trying to field a roller. He, the pitcher and the batter all got entangled and when they got up and dusted themselves off Manager Killifer decided that behind the plate was the only safe place for the energetic Hartnett. Hartnett has a way with players and lets them sleep on their mistakes, taking them up the next day at the meeting before the next game. Jumpin' down a feller's throat right after he's booted one is no way to win coöperation, is his motto. He can break up hit-and-run plays and steals by calling for pitch-outs and pitchers never question his strategy. Hartnett used to tangle with the umps, but now will not beef unless he thinks a decision rates it. In fact the umps like him for his fairness. He has one of the most powerful arms in the game.

Of all the catcher-managers the inimitable Wilbert Robinson, known to baseball as "Uncle Robby" was perhaps the most unique and beloved. Besides being a great catcher, Robby had the knack of taking men out of the baseball boneyard and making winners of them. He led his Robins to two pennants. His hardest task was remembering and pronouncing names. Often a good player was left out of the

lineup if he had a tough monicker. Robby still holds the record of making seven hits in seven times at bat. This happened when he was with the Baltimore Orioles in '92. He hit six singles and a double in seven times up against St. Louis. He was the first catcher to bring such innovations as modern equipment, stance and back-stop plays to the game, outside of Bresnahan, who introduced shinguards in 1908.

One of the surest ways for a twirler to blow up is to get angry, then bang goes his control. The experienced catcher never lets a hurler worry for a minute about cracking or weakening in the tight spots. A smart backstop will never let his pitcher argue with an ump over a decision. He does all the battling at the plate. Dickey tells of how nervous Lefty Gomez gets and when his hand shakes Sweet William just hands the Senor the ball and knows everything is going to be okay, for the more Lefty shakes the better his control.

Catchers are usually the best story tellers. They seem to get into more arguments and are the best "jockeys" in the game. A few words from a masked man and the fellow who can't take it is ready to crown him with a bat. Who hasn't heard of Moe Berg, catcher and coach with the Red Sox. It sometimes annoys the "Prof" when people think he wears his education on his sleeve. He plays ball because he loves the game and it provides for him a chance to travel and study.

A graduate of Princeton, Columbia and of the Sorbonne at the University of Paris, his hobby is languages. Moe can make himself understood in English, French, Greek, Italian, Spanish, German,

some Russian, a little Japanese, Hebrew and Sanskrit. He started out as a short-stop at Princeton, was a third baseman with Brooklyn in 1923. In '26 he was with the White Sox and couldn't make up his mind to be a lawyer or a ball-player. A Columbia professor helped him decide on baseball as a career. After two White Sox catchers suffered split thumbs, he asked Ray Schalk for a chance at catching. Schalk gave him his chance, doubting the wisdom of it all.

Moe thinks pitchers can help catchers and he thanks Lyons, Faber and Thomas for many a helpful hint when he started. It's a fifty-fifty partnership as far as he's concerned. He went from Chicago to Cleveland and then with Washington. In '35 he joined the Red Sox to be with his old pal Joe Cronin. He took up the Japanese language while on his way to Nippon in '32 to coach the catchers of Japanese colleges. Purchasing three grammars, he studied the fundamentals and alphabet. He surprised some Japanese students once when he autographed a ball for them in their own language.

You see experienced catchers warming up the pitchers, should the going get rough. On the coaching lines you find them acting as the traffic cops. Invaluable are the old backstops. They watch for every little opening, weakness, and the chance to put one over on the opponents.

The catcher will always be the watchdog of the game. As you sit in the stands his back may be toward you, and the ump standing between, but don't forget the mattress man is there with his hand in his big glove ordering a pitch out, a curve or a fast one right down the alley.

## Let's Keep Out

(Continued from page 1)

Well could we multiply our opportunities of education and culture, through additional, better and larger institutions of learning.

Well could we afford, not one, but several airports in every large city.

Well could we rid ourselves of the inadequate highways, narrow streets and the constant congestion in every city—large or small.

Well could be multiply our airways, expediting the transportation of mail, people, and merchandise to and from every hamlet in this country.

Well may we remember the forgotten statistics of the World War.

Seventy-four million men mobilized; ten million killed; three million maimed; nineteen million wounded; ten million disabled or incapacitated for the balance

of their lives; nine million orphans; five million widows.

In view of these startling facts, who could wish for our participation in another World War?

Certainly, it could not be the mothers with babes in their arms—nor the fathers, wrinkled and withered with age. Certainly, it could not be the middle-aged men and women with their vivid memories of 1914 to 1918. No, but it can be the lack of knowledge and understanding on the part of our youth, coupled with the selfishness and greed of a few.

Let us not permit our boys and girls to be regimented into uniforms, carrying wooden guns, almost from the time they leave the cradle, but preserve for them the game of marbles on the street corner.

Preserve for them the baseball game

on the commons after school hours.

Preserve for them the opportunity for developing model airplanes and other happy pursuits.

Then, and then alone, need we never fear for men and women of character to carry on.

Let us realize a few more pertinent facts that have been forgotten or smothered by insidious propaganda, from those people in the old world and their agents in our land. There is no difference in the lack of reason for the war of today in the old world, than that which caused wars of past centuries.

The same selfish reasons of greed and hate are responsible for the present catastrophe. These same reasons—selfishness, hate and greed—can well be responsible for our being involved again, in a



war of destruction of property and mankind.

Certainly I feel no ill will toward the people of any of the belligerent countries, and my heart bleeds with sympathy for all of them. But this can be no justification to me for our involvement again, with its horrible consequences of the probable loss of millions of our young men and billions of our wealth.

In view of my record during the World War, such a statement may well be questioned.

But it was the very nature of my experiences that has brought to me the realization that American soldiers and billions of American dollars have no place on foreign soil. However, should this country ever be threatened with invasion by a foreign nation, or nations, I shall gladly offer my services, my two sons, and any worldly goods I may possess, to protect and guard our institutions.

It must further be remembered that, if this nation becomes involved in the present European conflict, we should go into it with the full understanding that to be of any benefit it will mean keeping a standing army in the old world for the next hundred years, as a military police force, to prevent a repetition of the 1914-1918 war and the present one.

I am convinced, with this further understanding, that the people of the United States would never consent to such an additional penalty for their participation.

I am not a pacifist in any sense of the word. I believe in preparedness to insure against foreign invasion, by having, primarily, a peacetime aviation industry, developed through peacetime service, that will give us an adequate military aviation reserve, for defensive purposes only.

Regardless of who proves to be the victor in the present war overseas—remember always, both victor and vanquished will have completed their economic ruin for years to come. Consequently, we need never fear an early attack on our shores. In the meantime, it behooves the United States to establish her home defense.

With a strong Navy and an air force of fifty thousand pilots, and one hundred thousand planes, no foreign government dare even think in terms of war against us, and if they should be so foolish, our people need have no fear of invasion.

With the moral fabric of the people of the old world having collapsed, there can be only one result from this present conflict at its conclusion—no matter who wins.

With millions of the flower of their lands having been blown to bits or wrecked for life; with billions of dollars worth of their property having been destroyed, revolution and revolution alone will follow.

Wars are the stamping grounds for revolutions, and (Continued on page 44)



# We want you to feel at home *wherever good beer is sold*

The brewing industry wants *every* place where beer is sold to be as clean and wholesome as beer itself.

Out of a quarter of a million retail establishments selling beer, however, there are bound to be a few "black sheep" retailers who disobey the law or permit anti-social conditions. For your protection . . . and also to protect our own business . . . we want those places *cleaned up or closed up*.

And we're *doing* something about it! The brewing industry has a program to keep beer's surroundings wholesome. This program *cooperates* with law enforcement agencies. It has been remarkably successful . . . and is being extended as rapidly as possible.



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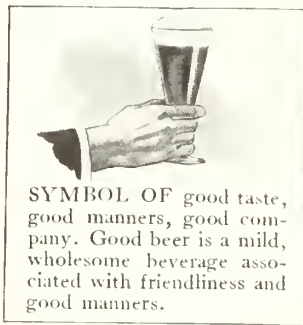
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**BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION**



# Let's Keep Out

(Continued from page 43)

revolutions are the stamping grounds of communism. Let us guard against that happening here. With the vast improvement in destructive weapons, men, women, and children are being, and will be, destroyed ten times as fast as during the World War. We, in America, in view of these prospects, may well recognize that our frontiers lie in the western hemisphere.

Let us develop our social, political and commercial intercourse between our neighbors of the twenty-one republics to the south of us, for the best interest of all concerned.

Let us guard against our economic structure being keyed up through promises of false prosperity.

**L**ET us recognize that selfishness, greed and hate might well develop an unsound economic structure—the collapse of which no democracy can survive.

Let those who profit through the development of such unsound economic structures, and at the expense of other people's misery and mistakes—be they capitalists, politicians, or wage-earners—bear in mind, that they are in a minority.

Let us maintain a sense of balance, in thought and activity, even though it may mean for the moment, less in worldly belongings.

Or, even, let us keep in mind that we can well afford, through the maintenance of our absolute neutrality, to suffer even the consequences of lowering our standard of living, for a short period of time, to prevent happening here what is happening in the old world.

Let us realize that the obligation of our leadership, be it capitalistic, political, or social, rests heavily on our shoulders in these trying times.

We, who live in the land of abundance and liberty, should be willing, through peacetime service and accomplishment, to maintain these liberties and independence—to prevent bankruptcy and starvation here.

Today this country stands united with few exceptions on the major issue that is before us, namely—

## Keep us out of this war

Our true obligation is not only the destiny of our own children, but all the children of America, who will be set back a hundred years in their opportunities, as well as the growth of American life, if we participate in this war in Europe.

And, we of the general public, have a right to call upon our statesmen—regardless of party or creed—to hold this country resolute to the one great issue, of keeping us out of this war.

Some ask, "Why this war of words and

nerves?" as compared with the war of 1914-1918. It must be remembered that for years prior to 1914 both sides knew whose side who was on, with very few exceptions. In other words, both sides had their duplicate ducks in a row. That was not true in September, 1939, and it



**"The next time I buy you a hammock, I'll check up on the trees around here!"**

is not true today, but it probably will be soon. The war may well see mankind and property destroyed on a scale unknown in history.

For years past the totalitarian states have thought only in terms of building up their military and economic reserves to be prepared for the day.

This is evidenced by the fact that all belligerents are limiting their purchases throughout the world to a degree that makes them insignificant by comparison with the squandering of billions during 1914-1916 for military supplies.

How fortunate are we that this is true, for it has prevented the mushrooming of our industries and commerce on a foundation of stilts and sand.

Blessed are we that this nation still has most of the generation of industrialists, financial and business men living and in business, who suffered the penalty of greed and selfishness during the early days of the last war.

They have not forgotten the price they paid during 1920-1921, and particularly from 1929 to date for that greed and selfishness.

This fact, I implore the leaders of this nation—financial, industrial and commercial, as well as political—to well remember. It is the most practical asset we have in keeping out of this war.

Fortunate are we to have most of that generation of mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters still with us who suffered the heartaches and headaches of

seeing their men—the flower of youth—torn from their bosoms—never expecting to see them again.

May I implore them to remember those deadly days of 1916, 1917 and 1918? Here, too, we have a great asset—an emotional asset—of untold value that must help to keep us out of this war.

To you leaders of finance and industry, well may you remember that this country's national debt was only one billion dollars at the start of the World War, and well may you remember that today we have a national debt of approximately fifty billions of dollars.

The war of 1914-1918 cost this nation forty-seven billions of dollars, and due to the improved deadliness of methods and weapons since the world war, the rapidity of destruction of both mankind and property will be many times greater—meaning that should this nation be forced into this war it would cost us another hundred billions of dollars.

**T**HIS will leave us with a national debt of one hundred and fifty billion dollars when peace is declared, all of which means the dollar will be worth very little and the clothes on your back may be your only assets.

Particularly will this be true in view of the fact that all the belligerents were financially stable at the start of the World War, whereas by comparison they are bankrupt today.

Bear in mind when peace is declared (and that day is as sure as death and taxes), with forty to fifty millions of men being thrown back into productive effort, and their countries' treasuries and pantries being empty, men will become serfs and slaves for the sake of three meals a day, and a place to rest their weary bodies at night.

This will mean one simple fact—that their ability to produce commodities and products for export at prices so low, it will eliminate the possibility of this nation having even a semblance of our present export trade left.

It will bring about a depression in this country that will jar our teeth loose and make the depression of 1929 to date, a mimic affair by comparison.

Who dare say with a debt of one hundred and fifty billion dollars that the youth of this nation will accept such obligations in the future for the mistakes of the past?

Inflation, and inflation alone, will follow as it did in Germany during those disastrous years from 1921 to 1926.

We have heard some of our experts—in spite of the facts—still belittle the deadliness and the possibilities of aviation in war time. The facts should make all of us cringe with horror, even though



this new weapon of destruction has only been experimented with to date.

Realize, that, in spite of the Polish air force, which was considered relatively good, the superior air force of Germany was able to ruin it within forty-eight hours after hostilities started in the undeclared war.

Wave after wave of German bombers destroyed airdromes, hangars and reserves, and blotted out the eyes of their army in the trenches. Then it was a simple matter for the Germans to cut the arteries of supplies and communications behind the armies at the front by destroying highways, railroads and bridges, shutting off reserve troops—ammunition, food and medical supplies for those at the front. Warsaw and many other cities have been ruined for years to come.

Witness what has happened to that gallant little nation of Finland by those hordes of Russian eagles. Cities were wiped out for all time to come and today, what was a little land of happy people is a nation of misery.

When war in the air is started in reality between the major belligerents, I doubt whether you and I, who have seen Paris, Berlin, London and many other centers of interest and culture in the old world, will be able to recognize them the next time we see them.

The startling fact is, that even though this new weapon has been used only experimentally as a feeler of each other's

defenses, that so many of those trying have reached their objectives.

With waves of one hundred to two hundred bombers protected by high speed pursuit planes attacking their objectives every hour of the day and night, the carnage and destruction will be horrible.

With high explosive bombs, incendiary bombs and gas bombs being dropped on those large centers by the hundreds of thousands, those cities may well be destroyed and burnt up.

With the destruction of the water system of large cities, the heat, light, power, gas, and sewerage systems, disease and pestilence will cause plagues beyond our imagination.

With thousands of planes and pilots on both sides by comparison with a



"He won't tell anyone how he does it!"

few hundred during the World War, and three to four times as deadly and effective—with hundreds of thousands of anti-aircraft guns by comparison with a few hundred and many times more accurate than those used during the World War, the mortality rate in aerial warfare will be terrific.

And in my opinion, within ninety days after warfare in the air truly starts, the reserve of planes and pilots on both sides will be exhausted, meaning that the belligerents, whose productive capacity of planes and, primarily, of pilots is the best, eventually will be the victor.

But, in the meantime, they will revert to the trench and dugout warfare resulting in a war of attrition.

So I say to you, no matter what the price may be that this nation has to pay to stay out of this war, it can never be too big, because no matter how large it may be, in economic, social and political welfare, to say nothing of our so-called national honor, it would be only an infinitesimal part of the price we would have to pay if we should participate.

In closing, may I utter this fervent prayer?—that this generation, in its wisdom and mature consideration of this question of absolute neutrality, will prevent posterity or future generations, from condemning or indicting us, as having legalized wholesale slaughter, murdered the flower of our youth, and massacred democracy.

# TERROR STRICKEN, I LEAPT TOWARD THE SINISTER SHAPE!

A true experience of J. H. WILLIAMS, Victoria, B. C.



1 "ONE BLACK NIGHT I was returning to Vancouver, in my 15-foot inboard motorboat," writes Mr. Williams. "Suddenly, a dark and sinister shape loomed up directly ahead. There was no time to avoid it.



2 "I LEAPT as the boat crashed into the object—and found myself sitting on a crossbeam of a huge log boom that was being towed by a distant tug. My boat was gone. Shivering with cold, I shouted in vain—the tug was too far away.



3 "AFTER HOURS OF TORTURE, the night became stormy and the tug skipper shortened his line. Again I shouted—and this time a flashlight on the tug picked me out with its powerful beam. To the 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries in that flashlight I probably owe my life—and you can take it from me, I am an 'Eveready' convert now.

(Signed) J. H. Williams



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## The General's Hat Cord

(Continued from page 7)

umpire's tent leaped to the ground. "I am General Heidekooper," he shouted. "I'm not captured!"

"I am Colonel Tiffany," said that officer, bowing. "Commanding the First Separate Squadron, Ninety-Fourth Cavalry. I am afraid you *are* captured, general."

"Cavalry? You couldn't possibly be here so soon. Spent the night here; came out before the maneuver started, eh? I'm too old a hawk to be caught with that bird seed!"

**"NO, GENERAL!"** Colonel Tiffany's voice shook with exultation. "But here you *are*, you see!"

General Heidekooper took off his hat and dashed it to the ground in rage.

"I am not captured," said he. "We have umpires, you know, to decide these things. I was trying to find an umpire for a decision when these men grabbed me."

In the hush rose McGonigal's voice. "Oh, I see. That cord means he's a general. It ain't yellow, it's gold. They look the same to me. One's wire an' one's silk, huh? Well, I don't know yet how to tell a cavalryman from a general, then."

General Heidekooper turned to where McGonigal questioned a corporal.

"The reporter!" he cried. "So you told these men where I was!"

"I never did!" cried McGonigal. "I said you were a cavalryman!"

"Colonel Tiffany!" snapped the general. "I'm going to have you ruled off the battlefield!"

"Sir?" gasped Colonel Tiffany. "Why off the battlefield?"

"For using press representatives for spies!"

A corporal who had been on the running board stepped forward. The corporal spoke with an Oxford University accent, common to militia regiments of horse, who recruit heavily from local institutions of learning. "Corporal Lenox, B Troop," said he, saluting. "I was commanding the security detachment on the Tacey School road. We saw the general's car coming and ran our horses across the road before and behind it. The general admitted his identity. He didn't say he was looking for an umpire. He said he was looking for a representative of the press that had just been run away with."

The general waved his hand. "Nuts!" said he with fierceness. "You heard what I said, Colonel! Get me an umpire!" He climbed back into his limousine.

Lieutenant Dunphy, lips trembling with excitement, saluted violently, like a man working a pump handle.

"Sir!" he panted. "There is a truck column coming down the road!"

"A truck column? Oh, God! Not the infantry?"

"Colonel, it's not infantry, but artillery. I can see the guns!"

Colonel Tiffany ran to high ground and turned his field glasses on the road.

"Artillery it is!" he exulted. "The infantry has gone by! And now come the artillery. 'Through to the guns!' A cavalryman's dream! We'll shoot that outfit up 'til it looks like a skimmer!"

Lieutenant Dunphy stood mute.

"What are you looking like a sick cat about?" barked Colonel Tiffany.

"Sir, General Heidekooper has demanded an umpire. If the umpire rules us out, and sends us back to camp, then we won't be able to attack the artillery."

"Why should the umpire rule us out? We captured the general fair and square! He had left the umpire tent and was on the road. He was captured before McGonigal said anything about him."

"Sir," insisted Lieutenant Dunphy, "this is not war, but a maneuver. When it is over, General Heidekooper will again be the umpire's superior."

"You mean the umpire will rule as Heidekooper wants him to?"

"I would if it were me, sir, and the Regular Army had captured you."

Colonel Tiffany fired a clip of curses.

"Well, what do you suggest, Dunphy?"

"Sir, we release General Heidekooper. Then we can capture the artillery. A regiment of artillery is worth a general any day."

"But we haven't got anything against the artillery, and we have against Heidekooper. The artillery never said we had no place on the battlefield."

"Chase McGonigal in with the story we captured General Heidekooper. It will be in all the papers even if the umpires release him."

"But suppose he denies it afterward?"

Lieutenant Dunphy slowly congealed, like a hunting dog pointing a bird.

"There's the general's hat still on the ground!" he husked. "Let's swap the cord for one of ours. The general will put the hat on his head and never notice the difference. Then we'll have his gold hat cord as evidence we captured him."

Quickly Colonel Tiffany made his decision. "Keep that artillery under observation," he ordered. "I'll release Heidekooper!"

**T**HE open-mouthed McGonigal had followed. Colonel Tiffany seized his arm and led him aside.

"McGonigal," whispered the colonel, "your fame is made! You get your horse and scatter out of here to a telephone. Phone your press bureau that the militia cavalry captured a Regular Army general in the first hour of the maneuver. Have them put it on the wires as a 'flash,' then you go back to Plattsburg and write the story!"



"Okay!" McGonigal gave a military salute, banged his heels, and ran limpingly toward the woods where he had left his horse.

"Well," exulted the colonel, "at least I've beaten Heidekooper to the communiqué!"

Colonel Tiffany then began to walk slowly away, but yet in a diagonal fashion that would lead him toward the campaign hat, one edge of which could still be seen above the grass in the pasture. But as the colonel neared the hat, General Heidekooper got down from his limousine and began to walk meditatively in the same direction. Colonel Tiffany increased his sideways pace so that he looked somewhat like an irritated crab. The general slightly increased his, as does an old trotter hearing another horse coming up behind. As a race between a general and a colonel for the general's hat could not help but result in prejudice to good order and military discipline, the colonel quit, so that by the time he reached the hat the general had already recovered it, and stuck it on the back of his head.

"General," began Colonel Tiffany, "we have decided to release you without waiting for the umpire. This is a maneuver, not war. Its purpose is to train the men, and the whole scheme would be ruined if we were to eliminate the commander of one side before the thing got really started."

"That's fine!" grunted General Heidekooper. "I didn't think a cavalryman could estimate the situation so well. Since you're so sporting, I'll give you fifteen minutes to get out before I set the dogs on you."

The general turned upon his heel, climbed into his limousine and went rumbling away.

"Well," murmured Colonel Tiffany, "he's not such a bad old dogface after all." Then he whistled for Lieutenant Dunphy.

"Come, Dunphy, let's get out of here. To horse! Old Heidekooper got to his hat first so we'll have to forego his capture. But we've got to scatter into the woods before he sic his reserve on us."

"But McGonigal has already gone off with the story about it, Colonel."

Colonel Tiffany spun about like a top. "Corporal Lenox!" he roared. "Mount up your squad and follow that reporter. Tell him on no account is he to telephone that story!"

Since the corporal and his men had left their horses in the road while they rode in on the general's running board, it took some time for them to run back up the hill to get them.

Meanwhile McGonigal, having reached the highway, looked up and down the road with despairing glance in search of some building that might have a telephone. But the Herring River Valley is one of vast spaces of underprivileged farms, unable to afford the convenience of a telephone. (Continued on page 48)



### The Case of DICK GAY

who solved a life insurance  
problem that puzzles  
many wives

The other night, Mary asked Dick an important question. "If your insurance money were paid to me at one time," she said, "how would I handle that much money?" But Dick reassured her. "One of the first things the Prudential man showed me was how to leave my insurance money so that it will do all the things I want for you and young Jim..."

## How can a man leave his life insurance money to best fit the particular needs of his beneficiary?

Often life insurance money may best be left as a single lump sum. But in many cases, such as Dick Gay's, this kind of settlement raises difficult financial problems for the beneficiary. For that reason, under Prudential Ordinary policies, the insured may select from 4 different methods of settlement, or leave the choice to his beneficiary.

**Q: What are the 4 methods of settlement The Prudential offers?**

**A: First,** the insurance money may be paid in cash in one lump sum, leaving the beneficiary free to use it in any way.

**Second,** a definite monthly income can be set up for the beneficiary's entire life. Thus, the beneficiary is assured a guaranteed income as long as she lives and is not faced with the problem of handling a large sum.

**Third,** a definite income for a definite period may be arranged, to be paid monthly or less frequently, as desired.

**Fourth,** the insurance money may be left with The Prudential at a guaranteed

rate of interest, which is paid to the beneficiary each year. Arrangements may be made for withdrawal of the principal sum, if desired.

**Q: May any of these methods be used in combination?**

**A: Yes.** For example, here's how Dick Gay and the Prudential man arranged for the life insurance money to be paid if Dick should die tomorrow:

*First,* \$2,000 will be paid at once to Mary for immediate expenses.

*Second,* Mary will receive \$150 a month until young Jim reaches age 18.

*Third,* at that time, Mary will receive an extra \$100 a month during Jim's four college years.

*And Fourth,* the balance will be paid as a monthly income for the rest of Mary's life.

This is only one example of how the 4 Optional Methods of Settlement in Prudential Ordinary policies help a man plan intelligently for the future.

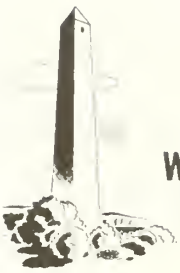
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# The General's Hat Cord

(Continued from page 47)

The hot sun beat down, McGonigal perspired. He removed his coat and strapped it to the saddle, then set resolutely out to find communication with the press bureau. Peering beneath the branches of a tiny glade he saw a small car of that type known as station wagon. On its lowered side was a row of telephones. McGonigal chirped happily to his horse and rode in.

In the station wagon a handsome officer stuck pins in a map. McGonigal slid from the saddle, tied his horse to a tree and ran to the wagon. A soldier in blue overalls sat before a telephone switchboard and took messages handed to him by the handsome officer. In the underbrush, other men in overalls were busy stringing wire.

"How's chances on borryin' a phone?" asked McGonigal.

"This is the command car o' the Third Field Artillery," snarled the man in overalls. "We ain't puttin' out phones to civilians."

"I'm press," smiled McGonigal.

"Sorry, Jack. These is tactical phones. We got orders to keep 'em private."

Down the road by which he had entered, McGonigal perceived a man in a yellow hat-cord.

"Now," he exulted, "here comes the general. He'll get yuh to let me use a phone! He's kind to reporters!"

Eight men on horseback with drawn pistols swept darkly round the station wagon.

"No," said McGonigal, "I guess I made a mistake. These guys are cavalry."

The cavalrymen were commanded by Corporal Lenox of the accent.

"Captured, you know, by Jove!" he exulted. "I say, what luck! First a general captured, then a command car!" He swung from his horse, drew a pair of wire cutters from his belt and neatly severed the wires running from the switchboard. Then he climbed to the seat of the station wagon and made motions as if to drive it away.

"Hey," protested the handsome officer faintly, "you can't do that. That wagon has got all our maps and stuff in it!"

"That's what one would call quite too tough *tamale*, sir," replied the corporal. His eyes fell upon McGonigal. "As for you, the colonel directs that you are not to write one ruddy word of what's happening."

Corporal Lenox spun the car and directed it to the highway. His squad followed him at a gallop. The artillery in blue overalls looked to their officer for instructions.

"The milishy have captured the command car," said the officer. "They'll run it off into the woods a few miles and abandon it. You might as well start now to look for it."

The soldiers sighed. They were men of war, professional fighters, but motorized, and unused to trudging long miles on foot over mountains. The roughest one spoke sideways to McGonigal.

"You son!" said the rough soldier. "You ain't no civilian: you're a spy. You said it was the general comin'. If we'd



"See, Sam, that's what I mean by government competing with private business!"

known it was cavalry, we'd come in here an' made a fight out of it!"

"Wha'd yuh mean spy?" protested McGonigal. "What makes yuh think I care anything about this?"

"I heard yuh! You said, 'Here comes the general!' I've half a mind to kick the livin' guts outta yuh!"

McGonigal moved without reply toward his horse, but one of the surly artillerymen in blue laid his hand on the bridle.

"This is a cavalry horse," said the artilleryman. "I capture it."

"It's mine," said McGonigal. "They loaned it to me. I got to find a telephone."

"So have I," said the artilleryman. With that he mounted and untying the halter, rode away after the station wagon.

Deep in the woods the cavalry sheltered throughout the day, small parties darting forth to halt enemy motor transport, deflate tires, then dash back again while the traffic jam on the Boston Road grew longer and thicker. Then night fell, the squadron assembled, and moved stealthily to the attack of the artillery regiment, whose location had been betrayed when the Oxford corporal had captured its command post station wagon.

The squadron advanced, dismounted, through the dark forest. Among the trees the attackers suddenly stumbled against trucks.

"Who the dash yuh walkin' on?" demanded sleepy voices.



"Hey! Cheese it! The cavalry!"

"Go back to sleep, yuh been eatin' indigestibles!"

Prrrrt! The popping fire of machine-gun blanks, as distinguishable from the ripping bark of ball ammunition as a child's treble from a man's deep shouts.

"Contact!" exclaimed Colonel Tiffany. "Listen for the main attack on the other flank! Dismounted, you see, we could get right up to their guns before they could hear us!"

Pop-pop-pop! More fire. Heavier now. Then shouts. The thunder of a salvo of field guns.

"Bang away!" chuckled Colonel Tiffany. "It's too late now!"

Strange feet could be heard tramping through the underbrush. Colonel Tiffany and his staff laid hands on their pistols.

"That's him!" came McGonigal's clear voice. "I can tell his voice, General."

Another voice spoke up, more officially, more harshly. "This is General Heidekooper. By God, I've found you at last!"

Someone with a flashlight turned it on. It showed General Heidekooper surrounded by umpires in white hats, with McGonigal beside him.

"McGonigal!" cried Colonel Tiffany. "Where have you been all day?"

"Tryin' to find my horse. An artilleryman captured him on me. My coat was on the saddle an' everything."

"Well, what did you come in here for? We haven't got your horse."

"There was a guy come runnin' outta the woods an' said the cavalry had captured the artillery trucks, so I come in to ask for a ride home in one."

"We heard the firing," grated General Heidekooper, "and rightly assumed that it was the cavalry in here illegally raising hell. Go home. You're ruled off the battlefield."

"It takes an umpire to say that, general," protested Colonel Tiffany.

"I have had three go with me the entire afternoon, waiting for just such an opportunity as this. Gentlemen, am I right?"

"You're ruled out!" said the umpires in chorus. "Go home to bivouac."

"And to think, General, that I had you captured this afternoon and let you go," protested Colonel Tiffany.

"You let me go because you stole my hat cord!" raged the general. "I dropped my hat on the ground and someone souvenired the cord. You think I don't know cavalrymen? Where is it?"

"But General—"

"Don't but me! You could see very well when I put on my hat it had no cord on it. None of the clucks I have about me dared bring it to my attention. It was on the hat when I started the maneuver, I know very well, because I put it there myself. Fifteen dollars gone for a damned piece of brass wire just to wear to this cock-eyed sham battle that you want to turn into a horse show. Where is my hat cord?"

"How can (Continued on page 50)



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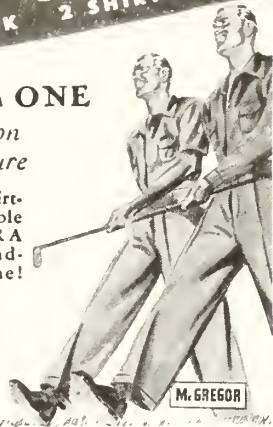
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## The General's Hat Cord

(Continued from page 49)

I tell you, if I don't know, General?"

"Well, you'll reply by indorsement  
hereon before you're very much older!"  
General Heidekooper turned and led his  
guard of umpires away.

Colonel Tiffany turned to McGonigal.  
"Did you get that story on the wire about  
the general being captured?" he de-  
manded.

"No. That corporal there that sounds  
like a comic said not to."

"Why didn't you come back?"

"HOW could I? You run off an' bid in  
the woods. The artillery thought I  
was a spy an' were gonna work out on me.  
Gee. First I was all covered with blisters  
from sittin' down, then I was all covered  
with blisters from walkin'. Maybe you  
don't think I seen some country huntin'  
that horse, Colonel."

"Where's the horse now?" demanded  
the colonel. "Don't tell me you've lost a  
horse for us, in addition!"

"Naw. The artillery give him back to  
me. An' I says I'm lost. So they says,  
'Give him his head an' he'll take you back  
to the squadron.' So I give him his head  
an' he took me clear to Booneville. The  
M. P.'s pinched me for bein' a civilian  
an' ridin' a cavalry horse. So when they  
found out how come, they got on the  
tactical wire and said the cavalry was  
over shootin' up the artillery. I said I  
couldn't ride way over here, it would kill  
me. So they says to git off an' lead him  
then. I ain't had nothin' to eat. I bought a  
hot dog an' some coffee, an' stood there  
eating an General Heidekooper come up  
in his car an' scared the horse, an' he  
took off an' spilled my coffee an' stepped  
on my hot dog. So then General Heide-  
kooper gets out of his car an' asks me  
where is the cavalry. So I told him all  
I knew, an' then we heard the firin' an'  
come over."

"The horse is here," said Lieutenant  
Dunphy. "It came into the led-horses ten  
minutes ago."

"Go get your horse, McGonigal!" said  
Colonel Tiffany coldly. "We're goin'  
home."

"Oh, Colonel! Didn't you capture the  
trucks?"

"No. It's fifteen miles to camp. If you  
don't feel like riding, you can walk."

When he had gone, Colonel Tiffany  
turned to Lieutenant Dunphy.

"Now you may tell me who has the  
general's hat cord."

"Corporal Lenox. When you ordered  
him to chase McGonigal he saw the cord  
lying in the grass and picked it up, think-  
ing some cavalryman had dropped it.  
He reported to me, sir. I told him to hang  
onto it. It occurs to me, sir, that we might  
put it on our regimental standard, with  
the battle ribbons we won in France as  
machine-gunners."

"No," said the colonel sadly, "we'll  
have to return it."

Maneuvers always end with a grand  
council and discussion called a "critique."  
So ended this one on the day after the  
cavalry had been ruled out, and the  
other troops left to fight their modern  
war unhampered. The director of the  
maneuver had assembled the officers of  
both sides, Regulars and National Guard,  
in a baseball park to hear "about the  
war and what they fought each other  
for." In an obscure corner of the grand-  
stand sat Colonel Tiffany and his officers.  
The last speaker was coming before the  
amplifier, and there had as yet been no  
mention of the cavalry.

"No story in the paper," groaned  
Colonel Tiffany. "No recognition from  
the High Command. I've told every  
officer in the maneuver we captured  
General Heidekooper and let him go, and  
they won't believe it."

"Every officer in the maneuvers knows  
General Heidekooper's opinion of the  
value of cavalry," said Lieutenant  
Dunphy. "They think we're envious be-  
cause the general stole the show here with  
his condemned river-crossing."

"Yes. That's all any of the speakers  
have talked about all evening. Well, as  
the son says, 'There's one more river to  
cross.' Here comes General Heidekooper  
to the speakers' stand."

GENERAL HEIDEKOOPER, his  
blouse bright with ribbons, ex-  
pounded the feat of the river-crossing,  
with its pontoons, its attack boats, its  
transport of material, its smoke screen,  
its hour of darkness, its feints, its simu-  
lated crossings, and its final success, due  
ninety-nine and nine-tenths percent to  
him. He spoke before a microphone, which  
amplified whatever he said so that all the  
grandstand, where the commissioned offi-  
cers sat, and all the ball field, where the  
sergeants of the first three grades sat, and  
the surrounding driveways where the  
civilians and spectators stood, might  
hear. A spotlight beat upon him from  
each of two towers so that all the above  
might see. When General Heidekooper  
had finished his speech, a civilian arose  
from the press box below the stand and  
handed something up to him that shone  
yellow as gold in the calcium glare. A  
murmur of interest arose. What was this?  
An efficient subaltern officer who stood  
by, lowered quickly a microphone so  
that what the donor of the gift might  
say would be heard by all.

"You remember me, General?" came  
McGonigal's honest tones through the  
amplifiers. "I met you the day you was  
captured by the cavalry. Don't you re-  
member, when the cavalry was gummin'  
everything up so no one could have the  
maneuver? Well, I picked up your hat

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



cord off the ground and stuck it in my pocket. It fell off your hat when you slammed it down that time when you was mad. Remember? I didn't know it was yours until the next day."

There was a hush upon the parade ground. The general stood before a mike, and could be heard grinding his teeth.

"Yeh, I know," comforted McGonigal. "It makes yuh mad to be captured. But I'm sorry I picked up your hat cord. I didn't know the difference. I thought it was a cavalryman's."

Here some senior officer snatched away the mike, and McGonigal's further words were lost in a rippling wave of suppressed laughter.

"Dunphy!" raged Colonel Tiffany, when he could be heard above the insubordinate cheering of the cavalrymen. "Did you disobey my orders? You mean to say you didn't return General Heidekooper's hat cord to him?"

"On my honor I did, Colonel," gasped Lieutenant Dunphy. "That can't be General Heidekooper's! He wouldn't wear two hat cords! See! He's thrown it down on the ground again."

"Go find me McGonigal!" ordered the colonel quickly.

Sometime afterward, where the grandstand sheltered them from the stream of officers hurrying homeward from the critique, Lieutenant Dunphy produced McGonigal to Colonel Tiffany.

"Where did you get that hat cord, McGonigal?" demanded Colonel Tiffany.

"I borrowed it off Corporal Lenox," said McGonigal with honest pride. "I got an assignment to cover the river crossing, so I was in the press box takin' down all the speeches. The editor that ordered the river crossin' story was there, too, an' he says to me, 'How do they spell that general's name?' An' I knew right off, account he spelled it to me so careful the day the cavalry captured him. 'You mean the cavalry captured that general?' says the editor. 'I don't believe it.' 'If it's so,' says I, 'will you buy the story instead o' this river-crossin' spaghetti?' 'Sure,' he says. So I seen Lenox out there an' I says, 'Loan me your hat cord.' Well, the general looks at the hat cord to make sure it wasn't his, an' everybody knew that I was tellin' the truth when I said he'd been captured."

"It's a wonder he didn't kill you when he saw it was an enlisted man's hat cord!" expostulated the colonel.

"Why should he? He knows an' so does everyone else in the outfit that I can't tell the difference between a cavalryman's and a general's."

When the colonel could speak he asked one more question.

"McGonigal, why did you take the trouble to do a thing like that when you already had one assignment to write up the river crossing?"

"Colonel," earnestly answered McGonigal. "I put in a day of hell out there on that horse, an' I didn't want it to go for nothing."

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## Minnesota Masters Marihuana

(Continued from page 23)

as the worst crime-inciter in America.

What is this narcotic that causes crime and drives its addicts to incredible madness?

In Europe and Asia it is known as the hemp plant, or Indian hemp, and more than two thousand years ago the Greek historian Herodotus described it accurately. Among the Arabs it is known as *hashish*, *kif* and in the Far East it is called *bang*. Out there natives under its influence who go mad, slashing and killing until themselves killed, are said to be *juramentado*, or running *amok*. And its baleful influence has poisoned whole nations of aborigines and stayed the hand of progress among them.

This hemp plant is hardy, withstanding all climatic rigors, and as a consequence has spread from its original American habitat in Mexico until it can be found in practically every State in the Union, growing and thought of as a common weed.

Criminals have discovered that a fat living can be made selling "reefers" six for a dollar. They have learned that debauching grammar and high school students is a swell, easy-money racket.

Among those who saw these dreadful consequences was the late Eddie Lindell, then Department Adjutant of Minnesota. A young high school student had walked out the fifteenth floor window of a hotel so she wouldn't have to tell her parents she had failed in plane geometry. Physicians told him the results of marihuana-smoking were unpredictable, varying with the temperament of the victim.

One of them outlined the effects of the drug. "There are, roughly, eight stages," he said. "Unnatural light-heartedness, intellectual excitation, disassociation of ideas and exaggeration of emotions; illusion in regard to time and space; fixation of ideas derived from near-by stimuli; overbalancing emotional disturbances; commission of violent acts due to irresistible impulses; hallucinations, varied and often terrifying."

And finally Eddie was told permanent insanity results from continued use.

Then a youth under eighteen held up and shot to death a filling station manager.

"This," said Eddie, "is a job for the Legion."

Trying to discover ways and means, Eddie learned that you couldn't destroy the countless criminals who found this an easy way of making a living. So you had to destroy the weed

itself. He worked out a plan and mobilized Minnesota's 478 Posts.

He obtained the cooperation of newspapers and city officials; church groups and civic associations; highway workers and section supervisors; railroad agents and section foremen, town boards and the farmers. With each Post as a leader in its community marihuana patches were located cut down and burned.

The first reports were pretty good. More than 640 tons of marihuana were destroyed; hundreds of acres cleared. But these reports also gave some idea of the magnitude of the job. There were millions of acres left of growing marihuana and at this rate it would take eternity to do the job. More hands were needed.

Eddie turned to the State. The Minnesota legislative committee introduced a resolution in the legislature which would define marihuana as a noxious weed. If the resolution passed, then it became the duty of the State Department of Agriculture to see to its destruction. As a noxious weed marihuana must be destroyed by the farmer on whose land it grew (unless he had a license to grow it for commercial use in making twine and rope). If, after warning, the farmer did not destroy it, then the Department of Agriculture attended to the job—and sent the farmer the bill.

Through Eddie's efforts a resolution was introduced in The American Legion's national convention in Los Angeles demanding federal recognition of the evils of marihuana, and requesting an amendment to the Uniform State Narcotic Act covering marihuana. This resolution was adopted and re-affirmed at



"I am an artist! I only stop when the light is a deep rich red!"



the Chicago National Convention, last fall. Eddie Lindell died before completion of his task. But Chic Zwiener, his successor, Nate Bovee, the chairman of the Minnesota Marihuana Eradication Committee, carried on. And Department Commander Allan Briggs saw final results.

Marihuana was defined by law as a noxious weed, and the many hands Eddie foresaw as needful are now engaged in destroying it. The time will come when no marihuana will grow in Minnesota unless it be licensed for commercial use.

But if nearby States permit marihuana to grow wild, so that criminals can obtain their supply close at hand, then what has Minnesota achieved?

"What Minnesota has done," Department Commander Briggs declared, "all States should do. For as long as marihuana is at hand there will be criminals to prepare the narcotic and ignorant children to be lured into smoking it and suffering the horrible consequences.

"Destroying marihuana is a national problem. To save our youth, the foundations of our country, from this murdering narcotic, is a national job for the Legion. Every Department, every district organization, every Post of the 11,600 should get at the job—now!"

And those who know something of the size of the task say that the Legion itself will be dead before all the wild marihuana has ceased to grow.

Your State and mine have not escaped the evil consequences of marihuana.

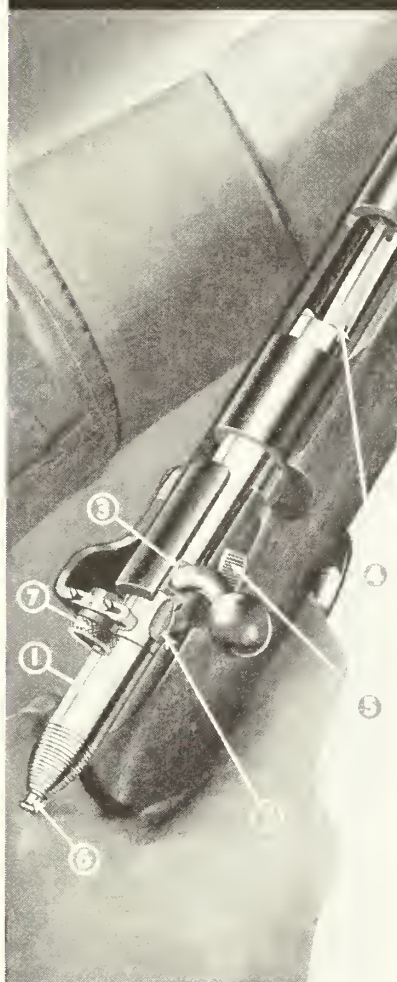
In Ohio a gang of seven youths, all under twenty, terrorized the State for months and committed thirty-eight hold-ups and robberies. Finally arrested, they confessed to operating on "high" after smoking reefer.

The record of sordid crimes having their origin in the smoking of this noxious weed bears him out. No State escapes the menace, all stories are the same—madness, murder and self-destruction. The Legion is pledged to serve community, State and nation. The Legion wants to turn the country over to the new generation, a new generation that can carry on when the Legion leaves off. You can do that and render a great service by starting now to destroy this destroyer of youth.



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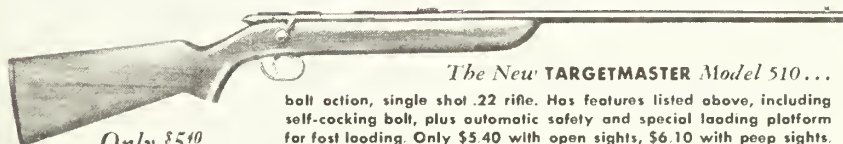
The self-cocking bolt (1), standard on all three rifles, is heat-treated. It has double cocking cams (2), double locking lugs (3), double extractors (4) and a separate ejector.

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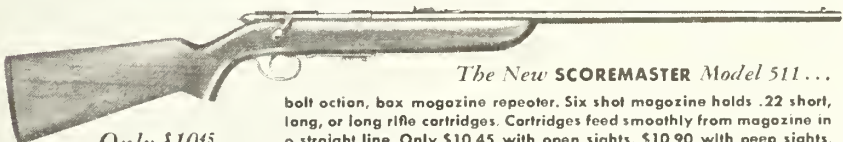
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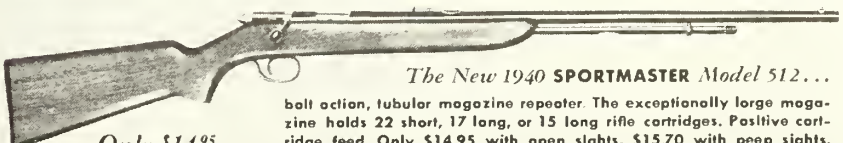
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Only \$14<sup>95</sup>



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## Youth Speaks for America

(Continued from page 27)

female patients, with an average of sixty-two bed days per patient and an average patient age of sixty-four years. As this is written we have nine persons on the waiting list and three requests for wheel chairs. Ours is a railroad Post and the hospital bed service was set up primarily for the New Haven Railroad family, though we handle as many outside calls as possible."

In the same city New Haven Post is working out its own plan of humanitarian service and is, according to a report received from Post Commander Joseph P. Murray, carrying on two distinct programs that cannot fail of being of the greatest practical community help in the City of Elms.

Recently a blood donor squad was organized under the leadership of Past Commander Edward Shield and, not content with this single activity, announcement was made that the Post would furnish and equip a room in the wing of St. Raphael's Hospital.

### Time Marches On

TWENTY years is a long time in the life of an organization such as The American Legion in which a definite, dated, membership line is fixed and the gaps in the ranks cannot be filled by representatives of a younger generation. So, when a Legion Post celebrates its twentieth birthday long before the twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of the parent body it catalogues itself as one of the elders.

Clifton G. Marshall Post, of Upton, Massachusetts, made much of its twentieth birthday party by paying special honor to the twenty men who commanded it during its first score of years,

Post Adjutant Karl S. Whitten reports to us.

Eighteen of the twenty Past Commanders were present, two were absent because of having removed from the community. As each Past Commander was introduced he lighted a candle on the huge birthday cake and gave a brief outline of the highlight of Post accomplishment during his year.

"Our Post maintains a very active community service program and we have a very nice home in the center of the town, which is maintained by our membership without other aid. Sometimes it has been tough going for a Post with an average membership of thirty-five," says Adjutant Whitten, "but our membership is willing to lend a hand. At regular intervals a detail of Post members makes necessary repairs and paints the quarters."

### We're Past Twenty-One

THE Legion celebrated its twenty-first birthday on Saturday, March 16th. Posts throughout the country—and there must have been thousands of them—celebrated the event with special meetings of one kind or another, but nearly all carrying out the theme that the Legion has come of age. Meetings were held to honor old timers, Past Commanders, and special guests. Others held parties to listen to the four-star birthday broadcast and to hear the message of National Commander Kelly. There were banquets, feeds in army style, box suppers, stand-up feeds and whatnot, but almost invariably a birthday cake with twenty-one candles.

Adjutant Harry A. Schmid reports that James Harvey Post, Ventnor City,



There's punch and pep in the twenty Past Commanders of John C. Peterson Post, Warsaw, Indiana; all living, they are active in Post and Legion affairs



New Jersey, set out a super-colossal birthday cake that measured four and one-half feet in height, with a base of twenty-five inches and each tier graduating eight inches. It was surmounted by a Legion emblem fashioned in the proper colors out of spun sugar, and illuminated with varicolored rosebuds electrically powered by a battery concealed under the stand. Some cake. A neighbor, Byron Pennington Croker Post of Wildwood, New Jersey, cut a big cake at their celebration, which was attended by the Mayor and other notables. The jubilee was held, according to Alfred Winterburn, Americanism Chairman, for the double purpose of observing the organization's birthdate and to mark another year of practical community service.

Sandhills Post of Southern Pines, North Carolina, held a joint meeting with their Auxiliary and Sons of the Legion, while Five Oaks Post at Cheraw, South Carolina, put on an old fashioned barbecue, with all the trimmings. "The pig simmered over the oak embers for twelve long hours," writes Johnny Wagner, Post Service Officer, "and was really something to write home about." Moving on to the South, Haisley Lynch Post of Gainesville, Florida, called in Legionnaires, Auxiliaries, Sons and Juniors to do honor to the birthday occasion and to listen to an address by Chaplain C. L. Pridgen, organizer of "The American Legion Honor Society of Alachua County." The members of this society are school children who have been awarded Legion Honor medals in the schools of Alachua County, Florida. The idea has spread to other counties and similar groups are in process of organization.

Frank A. Johnson Post, of Johnson City, New York, made a big community affair of their birthday celebration, says Post Adjutant Lawrence W. Smith. The celebration started with a big turkey dinner at the club house, where some three hundred and fifty Legionnaires and guests were served; an Americanism meeting at the local high school auditorium attended by about six hundred persons, winding up with open house at the club with dancing and entertainment until the wee sma' hours. One hour of the Americanism program was broadcast over the facilities of Station WNBC.

### The Preamble

THE Department of Connecticut, through Mrs. Paul E. Cheney, Chairman of the Department Radio Commission, worked out a most constructive educational program when, on March 12th, a series of ten weekly talks on the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion was begun, broadcast over the facilities of Station WTIC at Hartford. Each speaker on the program was assigned one article of the Legion's ten commandments for discussion, leading with "To (Continued on page 56)

**SHE'S not ashamed  
of her  
FALSE  
TEETH  
SMILE**



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Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address: Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

## NEED PROFESSIONAL SERVICES?

Among our Legion membership are listed 78,408 professional men in business for themselves. This list includes physicians, lawyers, architects, engineers and men of other classifications who had first to win a university degree before they could start earning a living.

We, of this million-strong Legion, have constant calls for services to protect our health, to keep our business and family affairs within proper legal bounds, to build or improve structures or to use an engineer's precise knowledge, and when we have those calls let's *Buy American Legion*.

American Legion professional men are among the nation's leaders in their chosen careers.

Many a celebrated doctor, outstanding lawyer, famous architect or important engineer is a Legionnaire. They're adding lustre to the Legion emblem and we can all benefit by seeking out Legionnaires and giving them our business when we need professional services.

**Buy American Legion.**

# Youth Speaks for America

(Continued from page 55)

uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America," by Anson T. McCook, Past Department Commander and distinguished Hartford attorney. Other sections were discussed by Legionnaire Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, Albert N. Jorgensen, President of the University of Connecticut; Dr. Odell Shepard, Professor of English, Trinity College; Robert P. Butler, United States District Attorney; Department Commander Bernard J. Ackerman; Miss Lelia E. Thompson, attorney; Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman; Colonel Edward J. Hickey, Superintendent of State Police, and Major Leonard J. Maloney, Director of the Connecticut Employment Service.

## Vital Statistics

**WE BELIEVE** that Fulton County Post of Atlanta, Georgia, has established some kind of a national record this year," writes Adjutant Alex M. Hitz. "Our 1930 membership was two hundred; our 1940 paid-up membership now stands at two hundred and ten. Of this 1940 total, 189 are renewals—only eleven of last year's members having failed to pay up at the time this is written. This loss has been offset by reinstating five former members and by admitting sixteen new ones. Our re-enrollment percentage of 94.5 for 1940 exceeds that of 91.3 for 1937, 91.4 for 1938 and 90.3 for 1939. Our Post was chartered in 1933 and of the present membership thirty-four have been in the Post for eight years, thirty-seven for seven years, sixteen for six years, seventeen for five years, twenty-three for four years, forty-two for three years, twenty-five for two years and sixteen for one year."

## Past Commanders

**FOR** the third consecutive year we have had a one hundred percent attendance at our Past Commander's dinner, when the Past Commanders pre-

pare and serve a full meal to the members of the Post and our Auxiliary Unit," writes Past Commander Francis K. Bowser of John C. Peterson Post, Warsaw, Indiana. "We, too, are proud of our Post and of the continued activity of the Past Commanders, twenty in number. To a man they maintain an active interest in the Legion and in Post affairs. The only one who has moved from Warsaw, Homer McDaniels, has since served as Adjutant and Commander at Dunkirk, and is now Fifth District Commander.

"For fifteen years our Post has owned its own home, including a fully equipped kitchen, well furnished club rooms and a large meeting hall. Our membership has been very consistent, we have maintained an average of two hundred and forty for the past ten years. In addition to doing all those things that normally fall to a live Legion Post, we make each year a substantial contribution to local charities, provide community entertainments, and lead in youth activities.

"Reading from left to right in the picture, which was taken at the most recent gathering of the Past Commanders, the old-timers are arranged in the order in which they served: Front row, Ezra W. Graham, lawyer; Russell Phillips, clothier; Arwid McConnell, proprietor of auto body shop; Kenneth Stokes, sheet metal shop; Orville B. Kilmer, Postmaster, retired; Charles R. Wagner, dentist; Carl F. Beyer, stock farm operator; second row, Wilbur F. Maish, Jr., manufacturer; Everett E. Rasor, lawyer; Peter A. Carroll, foreman, State Highway Department; Homer McDaniels, lumber dealer; Hurless Nine, decorator; Arden Poor, manager, grain elevator; top row, Blount Schlemmer, sheet metal shop; Francis K. Bowser, lawyer; Morris G. Fawley, mechanic, State Highway Department; Wilbur J. Gill, restaurant owner; Ralph Jay, field man for Wilson & Company; Loren Chastain, high school principal; and O. Ray Miner, lumber dealer.

BOYD B. STUTLER.

## LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

EDWARD M. STEVENSON, Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post, New York City.  
EDDIE RICKENBACKER, George Washington Post, Washington, D. C.  
LEONARD H. NASON, Crosseup-Pishon Post, Boston, Massachusetts.  
HERBERT M. STOOPS, First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.  
LE ROY BOYD, Las Animas Post, Las Animas, Colorado.  
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.  
LE ROY BARTLETT, Berkeley (California) Post.  
RAYMOND SISLEY, Pacific Post, West Los Angeles, California.  
ELSIE WOLCOTT, Edw. H. Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa.  
J. W. SCHLAJKER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.  
STEWART H. HOLBROOK, Tracy Ross Post, Woodville, New Hampshire.  
GRANT POWERS, Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post, Philadelphia.  
FREDERICK C. PAINTON, William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



# Where Do I Fit?

(Continued from page 11)

dead in the World War. One of the most prominent of British statesmen, a former Prime Minister, said to me one day that "the trouble with our leadership is that there is nobody except old duffers like me who have experience but no energy, and the youngsters who have energy but no experience. The intermediate generation was wiped out." That is the lost generation, and the loss is a very serious matter for the world today.

But I do not think we have a lost generation in this country, unless it commits spiritual suicide. We talk about our current years as a great period of transition. I think it is, but the world has always been in transition. Conditions have been constantly changing. What has remained constant has been man's ambition, courage and soaring spirit.

For a million years and more Man has pressed constantly if hesitatingly upward. I cannot recite the long tale of his rise from the brute in constant danger from starvation and more powerful brutes to the safety and comfort of the average American home. We are being asked, and properly, to think much of the so-called under-privileged third of our nation, though I believe the figure exaggerated. But even if they are under-privileged it is not by comparison with past centuries but by comparison with the other two-thirds of our over 130,000,000 people. Speaking in material terms only, of the more than 30,000,000 homes in the United States more than a third have telephones, far more than a half automobiles, and more than two-thirds are equipped with electricity. More than twice the number of people here per hundred than in Canada have cars; more than four times as many as in Great Britain and France; and more than ten times as many as in Germany. It is well to think of our under-privileged but if we compare ourselves with others we have not done badly. This has been accomplished under the American system and I speak of it, not to under-rate what we still have ahead of us to do, but because there is a strong tendency at present to say our system has failed and that we should scrap it in favor of others which have failed far worse.

We have at present a great mass of unemployment. Nobody knows just how much. Estimates vary from around 4,000,000 to 10,000,000 or so. Perhaps the present Census will help us to find out, but it is a fact that jobs are scarce, and this is what chiefly interests those coming from the educational into the working world. This is not the first time, however, that jobs have been hard to find for young people starting out or for older ones who thought they were safe. To mention only some periods, in the years following (Continued on page 58)

57



**JOE DIMAGGIO**  
1939 A.L. BATTING CHAMP

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## DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this magazine. FREE of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 88-II, Los Angeles, Calif.

### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT March 31, 1940

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 626,205.86
Notes and accounts receivable	41,808.89
Inventories	99,763.81
Invested funds	2,214,788.07
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,989.42
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	122,264.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	33,361.45
Deferred charges	45,948.18
	<u>\$3,391,129.99</u>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 59,046.00
Funds restricted as to use	34,252.66
Deferred revenue	524,530.01
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,989.42
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,155,357.60
Unrestricted capital	410,954.30
	<u>2,566,311.90</u>
	<u>\$3,391,129.99</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

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# Where Do I Fit?

(Continued from page 57)

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the terrible panic of 1837 it was estimated that nine-tenths of the factories in New England were closed, and that nearly two-thirds of the clerks and salesmen in Philadelphia were discharged. New York was a dead city with mobs carrying banners on which were inscribed "Bread or Death." In the six years of the depression from 1873 to 1879 the suffering and violence were worse than what we have experienced. Yet after these and other catastrophes we recovered and reached higher levels of business and standards of living than were dreamed of before.

It is true that history never exactly repeats itself but there are patterns which can be followed. It took England, then a new manufacturing country, about thirty years to recover from the Napoleonic Wars, which had lasted twenty years. It is also true that our free land is almost taken up, that, as they say, "the frontier is closed," but we have new and illimitable frontiers, the frontiers of science, to exploit.

Last year I was in Pittsburgh looking into the situation. I went through great steel mills which appeared to work almost automatically. "Technological unemployment," you say, loss of jobs from improved machinery. But in the 150 laboratories of the Mellon Institute I saw new industries being hatched which will each employ their thousands of technicians and operatives and support their families. What is going on there is also going on in about 20,000 laboratories, from those of small companies to the huge ones of the Duponts, the General Electric and others. There is the promise not only of innumerable jobs but of new goods and cheapened goods to raise the standard of living. We have the potential industries to make jobs, to lighten and diversify labor—if we can get them started. This is not a political article and so I say nothing of how I think this can be brought about, but if it can be, and I believe it can, there is a sun rising on the horizon of the future brighter for the youth of today than any earlier generations have seen.

Why then the discouragement and disillusionment? I think there are several reasons. In those terrible six years in the 1870's youth seemed to have no chance but it did not demand as much as it does today. There were no telephones, radios, movies, cars, few bath tubs, and so on. It was no hardship to do without things that were unknown. We have all, old and young alike, got soft. We want to press a button and get what we want when we want it. It is harder to do without, and much more expensive to live. What were unknown luxuries to our fathers in our youth are considered essential necessities today.

Without intending to get texts for a sermon or material for an article, I watch

the younger people, and without minimizing the seriousness of the present situation, I realize, though some of them may not like my saying so, that, as ever, it is character and the good old Anglo-Saxon word "guts" that count. As I have said, we have all got soft, old and young, but as the Greeks said, "Good things are hard." I find that many of the young want results without unpleasant work. Let me cite a few homely examples in the past year or two. In spite of the cry of unemployment in my neighborhood and the taxes I pay for relief: I wanted to put in water from my house to garage. I could not get a man to dig the trench and had finally to pay a plumber's assistant at high wages to dig it. I had to have my cesspools investigated. After considerable delay the son of the president of the sanitary company, which does a large business, came and worked himself with one of his friends because he could not get another man. An employer of labor here, who is known as a good boss and has a growing business, told me that when he offered a young man steady employment for a year ahead the answer was: "You're all right, Bill, but why should I work for you when I can get practically as much from the Government and not work half as hard?" Of a different sort, I have known boys and girls who had the idea they wanted to be authors, artists, publishers or what-not, but because they had a High School or College diploma thought they ought to be given a good job at good wages at once.

On the other hand, let's take some other cases. There are a couple of youngsters who do jobs for me. They are willing to do anything to help themselves and their family, and on every job they do they learn something and increase their self-reliance. There is a little kid here of about thirteen who discovered there was a market for metal junk. No depression for him. He gets from householders things they want to get rid of, sells them to the junk dealer, and at thirteen is making quite a bit of money. I have spoken of learning something from any job, but often the trouble is that a boy or girl insists on just the job they think they are entitled to by their "education" or inclination.

Here we come to another point which includes both the young and the old generation, so-called, and, if I may, I shall indulge in personal recollection. The young have very little idea of what the world and its daily work are like. The parents have very little idea of the gropings of their children. When I myself was a kid I thought I might like to be a lawyer. I think now I might have made a fairly good and successful one, but I had the idea that a lawyer had to speak in court, and I have never been able to speak easily



in public. "Declamation," as we called it, was the horror of my school days. I was terrorized by it, and I felt I could never be a lawyer, not realizing that there was an immense, interesting and very profitable field of law which did not involve any public appearances at all. I next thought of engineering.

Then, being always fond of books and writing, I thought I might be a teacher, and put in a post-graduate year at Yale. I was disillusioned, and as I felt I had lived on my father and the public long enough I hunted for a job at any old thing. After tramping pavements with letters of introduction to paper concerns, leather concerns and others who had no use for me, I landed two jobs at once with the same man. For writing his letters on the typewriter, keeping his books, and being generally his Man Friday I got \$3.50 a week, and as secretary of a bankrupt railway he was reorganizing I got \$3.50 more! At that time I had acquired an A.B. and an A.M. It wasn't exactly munificent but, as I said about the kids who do jobs for me, I learned. Since then I have been lots of things, having had every job in a Stock Exchange house from office boy to partner; an officer in the Army and war, etc. It was not until I had been out of college some twenty years that I got into the work I had always wanted to do—writing.

Finally, what can the young, coming out into the world, do for us all? That, and not simply what they can do for themselves, is the real problem which should confront them. Youth has no experience and much less knowledge than it often thinks it has, but it has energy and idealism. It has its distinct contribution to make to the improvement of the world, the bad condition of which at present they blame on their elders. If they are going to build a better civilization, and I hope to God they are, they must themselves be better than we older people who have borne the burden so far, who have had to make our living, support the youth, make our decisions without being supermen, and take our lickings

when we, or others in high places for us, make the wrong ones. If the idealism of youth becomes selfishness, if the Youth Movement becomes merely a new pressure group to get something for nothing, if the energy and ardor, which are the particular contributions of youth to the common society of all ages, are dissipated and disappear, I cannot see that they are going to make any better world for themselves and their own children, who are to follow them in the eternal round of life, than have their parents.

There is no use calling names. There is magnificent material among the young of America today. Older people should not speak disparagingly of "the young generation." That generation also should come to realize that the world is extraordinarily complex and not easy to run. Whether it is happy and successful depends largely on the character, decency, honesty and social outlook of the individuals, for society is not an *organism*, (in current sociological jargon), but a vast collection of individual personalities. Youth cannot improve the world unless as individuals they show themselves clearer thinking, more self-reliant, less selfish, better citizens than their elders.

Countless of those elders are at least showing courage and the willingness to "carry on" under conditions which they did not knowingly or willingly make and which they do not like. Let youth show equal courage, or greater. Old and young have to work together, and this is my message to both "generations." America today, with all its shortcomings, is the freest, most peaceful, and for all classes, the best land in which to live. That result has not been attained by the youth just coming on the scene. It has been the result of the generations which have gone before. But youth can carry the work farther and perhaps make it better. How they can do that in their individual lives, and for society which is the sum total of those lives, is what ought to be their chief thought and ambition as they start out in what at the moment is a hard and baffling world for us all.

## Streamlined Elephants

(Continued from page 31)

during the early summer of 1918 for propaganda purposes. I was attached to a German heavy artillery regiment stationed at that time in the famous Mont Kemmel sector in northern France. Our 21-centimeter mortars had just helped regain possession of this valuable observation point in the Flanders plane and we were enjoying a brief rest in our reserve camp some five or six miles back of our firing position.

"Happy-go-lucky, youthfully proud of my newly won lieutenant's epaulets, I was walking around the camp one nice

morning when out of a blue sky fluttered these leaflets like a cloud of busy white butterflies. I kept my copy, waiting for the full story of the picture and I am glad that now—twenty-two years later—I found the story in your magazine and can add it to my war collection.

"Based on my personal experience, this was one of the first propaganda leaflets ever dropped into our lines. From then on they came in great numbers.

"I came to the United States in 1930 and it is now (Continued on page 60)

**LUCKY DAY FOR ME  
WHEN I FOUND OUT  
THAT THE GILLETTE  
TECH RAZOR MAKES  
SHAVING A BREEZE**



**FRED PERRY,**  
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FOR SHAVES worth telling your friends about, get acquainted with Gillette's new Tech Razor. "There's no discomfort . . . no nicks or cuts," says Fred Perry. "Easiest-shaving razor I ever used," agrees Coach Crowley. "Bucky" Walters, Gene Sarazen and thousands of others say the same.

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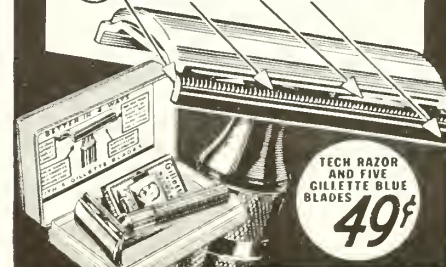
**NO TROUBLE GETTING  
GOOD LOOKING SHAVES  
IN A JIFFY WITH THE  
NEW TECH RAZOR AND  
GILLETTE BLUE BLADE**

**JIM CROWLEY, Head Football  
Coach, Fordham University**



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PROTECTS FACE**
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SPEEDS SHAVING**



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BLADES**  
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P. O. BOX 1357  
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

# Streamlined Elephants

(Continued from page 59)

my permanent home and place of work."

Now for a bit of translating of the German captions which the English put on this propaganda leaflet. The "Durch Luftballon" is merely repetition of the "By balloon" which also appears at the right top. The title above the picture reads "Photograph of Zeebrügge taken from an English airplane." And below the picture, the caption reads: "The English warships which blocked the canal: 1. *Intrepid*. 2. *Iphigenia*. 3. *Thetis*. 4. The breach in the breakwater." And if our German-English dictionary threw us for a loss in this translation, rest assured that our reader-audience won't hesitate to tell us!

PERHAPS you'll recall a story by Jack Franklyn that appeared in the issue for October, 1930. It bore the title "See You in Jail" and told in more-or-less-fiction form of his fear of a general court-martial because of disobedience of orders while a member of the crew of the U. S. S. *Buffalo*. That disobedience came when he and two shipmates went to the rescue of an aviator whose seaplane crashed in San Diego Bay—but instead of the disgrace he expected at the formal muster of the crew, he was presented with a citation. We know that yarn was based on fact because the Office of Naval Records and Library in Washington informed us that "a notation appears on the personal record of Jack Franklyn to the effect that a letter of commendation had been presented him for the rescue of a seaplane pilot on July 22, 1920."

Although he failed to say so, we think possibly that B. E. Christy of Weatherford (Oklahoma) Post of the Legion was inspired by that story to send us the interesting rescue picture which we show on page 31. This is what he said in his letter:

"I am enclosing a snapshot of a plane accident which happened in San Diego Bay, California, during the spring of 1910. I was a first class seaman on the U. S. S. *Yorktown* at the time, attached to the First Division under command of Lieutenant W. E. Torrey, and the picture was taken from the deck of our ship just a few minutes after the plane hit the water.

"The 'steamer' shown near the plane is from the *Yorktown* and I believe its coxswain was a man named Hilton, and the engineer, Redwine. I was not a member of the rescue party. There is also another rescue party shown in the picture. They were from the North Island Naval Flying Field, which is in the background. While their boat is behind the plane, some of the North Island men can be seen standing on the plane.

"The plane pilot was reported to have received only minor scratches about the face in the 'pelican dive.' Who was this pilot? If we can locate him, I should like to send him a copy of the picture.

"The *Yorktown* was commanded at that time by Commander J. J. Hanning, and Lieutenant F. L. Lowe was our Executive Officer. The *Yorktown* was commissioned in 1888 and was at one time commanded by the famous 'Fighting Bob' Evans who later became an admiral. Our old ship was taken out of commission at the Mare Island Navy Yard in June, 1910."

EVERY so often one of the fellows or girls who failed to make the journey across the pond to the A. E. F. tells us something of service in one of the widely-scattered posts where some of our troops contributed their particular share toward winning the war. This department feels that the snapshot, on page 31, of a company of marines is a most interesting scene and we're happy to display it. As ex-leatherneck Harry A. Shane of 813 Faile Street, Bronx, New York City, member of David Latkin Post of the Legion, sent it to us, we'll call upon him to tell about it:

"I just finished reading the February issue and noticed something very interesting to me in the Then and Now Department—about the marines in Cuba during the 1917 and 1918 campaigns.

"I happened to be one of those marines. I had come up from Haiti and Santo Domingo after being down there during the 1915 and 1916 campaigns, and went to Annapolis, Maryland, after landing in Philadelphia on Christmas Day, 1916. I was transferred to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, reporting for duty on February 6, 1917, and was still stationed there as post electrician when war was declared on April 6th.

"Early in May, 1917, I was assigned to the 50th Company of Marines and we left next day for Philadelphia for expected embarkation for France. Our convoy was made up of the transports *von Steuben* and *DeKalb* and several other ex-German liners we had seized.

"After four days at sea, early one morning we discovered that we had broken away from the convoy. It was everybody's guess as to where we were heading. Some insisted we were going to Tampico, Mexico, some said Cuba, some Santo Domingo, but we finally wound up in Guantanamo, Cuba. Otherwise I would have been with the first detachment of marines sent to France.

"We immediately learned that the Germans in Cuba were causing a lot of trouble through getting the natives to revolt, and by trying to prevent the



Allies from obtaining sugar from Cuba. We had been sent inland to stop the natives from destroying the sugar plantations. We chased the rebels all over the Island, usually about twenty-four hours on their tail, but never caught up with them and never had a chance to fire a shot. The picture I am enclosing shows the 50th Company, 7th Regiment, U. S. M. C., on one of its chases through the hills.

"We had been stationed at San Juan Hill, noted from the Spanish-American war days, for quite a time before being ordered inland to guard a large sugar plantation. I was on this last station only for about two weeks when I was sent back to the States to be paid off."

Comrade Shane referred, of course, to the picture and story contributed by ex-Nurse May Griffith and so we asked him if he hadn't noticed that the detail in the picture had been identified as marines, when in fact they were sailors. That error—which may not have been entirely an accident—brought a raft of letters to Miss Griffith and to the Company Clerk (of which more will be told in a later issue) from indignant, though friendly, ex-gobs and ex-gyrenes! So Shane was wrong in suggesting in his reply that "while I did see the error in calling those gobs marines, I did not know that I was eligible to criticize!" He doesn't know our Legion audience! But he went on to say: "During my three years of service in Haiti and Santo Domingo, we marines had many an occasion to soldier with the sailors and they had to dress in our uniforms." So there's a partial reply to our friendly critics!

IT'S a natural—that is, referring to I proposed outfit reunions during the Legion National Convention as "Boston Tea Parties." Because so many of the fellows have suggested this designation in reporting reunions to us, we have omitted it from all of them, because it would merely be repetition. At any rate, the place is Boston, Massachusetts; the dates, September 23d to 26th—although some reunions will start a day or two before the convention opens.

If your association or your local chairman needs assistance in arranging for a headquarters, a banquet, luncheon, entertainment, or whatever is decided upon for the reunion, the Convention Reunions Committee, under the chairmanship of Jeremiah J. Toomey, Court House, Lawrence, Massachusetts, stands ready to help. So when you ask that announcement be included in these columns,

report the proposed plan for your reunion also to Chairman Toomey.

Boston National Convention reunions, details of which may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed, follow:

Soc. of 1st Div.—Annual national reunion of all First Div. vets. Henry J. Grogan, chmn., 73 Summer st., Hyde Park, Boston.

Soc. of 1st Div. AUXILIARY—Annual reunion. Mrs. Gerald FitzGerald, pres., 83 Olney st., Dorchester, Mass.

2d Div. Assoc.—Reunion of all 2d Div. vets. R. W. Robertson, chmn., 62 Summer st., Boston.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Reunion hq. at Hotel Bradford. Geo. F. Dobbs, reunion secy., 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass.

4TH DIV. Assoc.—Annual national reunion, Parker House, Boston, Sept. 22. Ben Pollack, chmn., 100 Summer St., Boston.

6TH DIV. Assoc.—Annual natl. reunion. For copy the *Sightseer*, write Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy., treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

10TH DIV. (esp. 41ST INF.) 2d natl. reunion. Michael Cifelli, personnel adjt., 860 E. 228th st., Bronx, New York City.

12TH DIV. Assoc.—Recently organized. 1st natl. reunion. H. Gordenstein, natl. adjt., 12 Pearl st., Boston.

Soc. of 20TH DIV.—Annual reunion. E. Leroy Sweetser, chmn., 81 Hancock st., Everett, Mass.

77TH DIV.—Natl. reunion. For details, write Jos. E. Delaney, exec. secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH DIV. Assoc.—Reunion under auspices 78th Div. Post, A. L., of Rhode Island. Proposed organization 310th Inf. Assoc. John P. Riley, 151 Wendell st., Providence, R. I.

82d DIV. VETS. Assoc.—Reunion, auspices Mass. Chap. Gilbert A. Arnold, 3 Richard rd., Lexington, Mass.

85TH DIV. Assoc.—Reunion banquet. J. J. Kranlak, pres., Mariner Tower, Milwaukee, Wis.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion, auspices Boston Bed. Hq. at Touraine Hotel. Eugene F. Daley, chmn., 136 Highland av., Somerville, Mass.

65TH BALLOON CO.—Reunion. Chas. A. Carroll, G. & C. Fdry. Co., Sandusky, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion of all railroad men. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 722 S. Main av., Scranton, Pa.

VETS. of A. E. F. SIBERIA—Natl. reunion-banquet. L. H. Head, secy., 41 Nichols av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—2d natl. convention-reunion. L. A. Salmon, chmn., 11 Chapman pl., Lynn, Mass.

301ST INF. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion and military ball, Ritz Plaza, 218 Huntington av., Boston, Mon., Sept. 23. Hq. at Hotel Minerva. Spear Demeter, chmn., Hotel Minerva, 214 Huntington av., Boston.

Hq. Co., 302d INF.—Proposed reunion, James Burns, 186 W. Brookline st., Boston.

M. G. Co., 302d INF.—Reunion. Jas. S. McLoughlin, 100 South Bend st., Pawtucket, R. I.

Co. A, 347th INF.—Proposed reunion. Jas. H. Buckley, 44 Vernon st., Springfield, Mass.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Reunion. Hq., Colonial Room, Hotel Westminster, Boston. Harold G. Knapp, chmn., 35 Minnesota av., Somerville, Mass.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—20th annual reunion, Boston, Sept. 22-24. F. G. Webster, secy.-treas., 113 E. 70th st., Chicago, Ill.

23d ENGRS. Assoc.—Annual reunion. Hq. at Hotel Brunswick, Boston. Dinner-dance, Sept. 25. A. C. Hudson, chmn., 3 Capital st., Concord, N. H.

29TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write Herbert S. Rand, 129 Florence rd., Waltham, Mass.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS. Assoc.—Reunion. S. J. Lurie, 2636 Clarence av., Berwyn, Ill.

Co. F, 3d ENGRS.—Reunion. John S. Buswell, 314 Warren st., Waltham, Mass.

Hq. Co., 218TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Wm. Aitken, 199 Condon st., East Boston, Mass.

303d F. A. Assoc.—Reunion, Hotel Sheraton, Sept. 23. Page Browne, Park Square bldg., Boston.

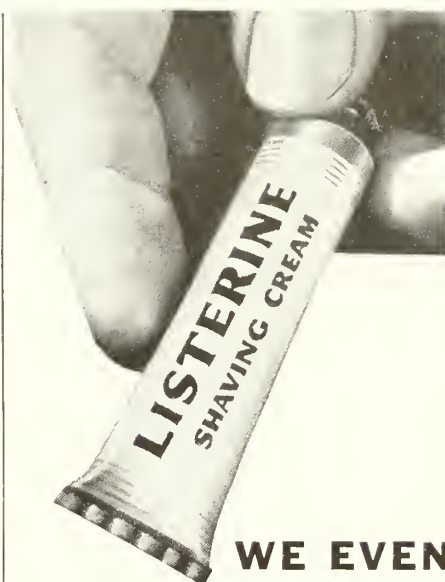
C. A. C. VETS. NATL. ASSOC.—Reunion-banquet, floor show, Sept. 23. All vets Ry. Art., Trench Mortars, Anti-Aircraft, Art. Parks & Ammun. Trans. invited. R. R. Jacobs, 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

57TH ART., C. A. C.—Get-together party. Geo. E. Donnelly, 1506 University av., Bronx, New York City.

58TH ART., C. A. C.—Regtl. reunion-dinner. E. L. Paltenghi, 50 Park av., Manchester, N. H.

71ST REGT. C. A. C. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion. Theo. A. Coté, adjt., 140 Bulard st., New Bedford, Mass.

BTRY. C, 64TH ART., C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. Chas. Williams, (Continued on page 62)



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When we tell you that we bear the cost of proving that our Listerine Shaving Cream is the cream for you, we mean just that. Examine the coupon. Note its offer of a 20-shave tube. That tube comes to you "free and postpaid." We don't even ask you to share the mailing cost.

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Luncheon reunion, Boston City Club, Tues., Sept.  
24, Anthony O. Shalina, 305 Harvard st., Cam-  
bridge, Mass.

C. O. B. 58TH AMM. TRN.—Proposed reunion.  
Almo Pennucci, 50 Upland rd., Somerville, Mass.  
C. O. A. 439TH M. S. T., M. T. C.—2d natl. re-  
union. All companies invited. Wm. L. Harvey, 234  
Delhi st., Mattapan, Mass.

304TH MOTOR TRANS. Co.—Reunion. Wm. V.  
Beeley, chmn., 28 Mayfair st., Lynn, Mass.

BASE SPARE PARTS, DEPOT UNITS, 1-2-3, M. T. C.  
327—Annual reunion, Parker House, Sept. 23.  
Sandy Somers, pres., 498 Massachusetts av., Cam-  
bridge, Mass.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. 303 ASSOC.—Annual re-  
union dinner. W. J. Calbert, 527 State Mutual bldg.,  
Worcester, Mass.

VERNE IL VETS., UNITS 301-2-3, M. T. C., and  
other NEVERS and VERNEIL vets.—John E.  
Havlin, chmn., 101 Milk st., Boston.

317TH P. S. BN.—22d reunion, Parker House,  
Sept. 23. For Review write Irving C. Austin, treas.,  
180 Prescott st., Reading, Mass.

104TH P. S. BN.—Proposed reunion. Geo. R.  
Deecken, 173A Baldwin av., Jersey City, N. J.  
37TH SERV. Co., SIG. CORPS—Reunion. Jos. E.  
Fitzgerald, Box 157, No. Cohasset, Mass.

CIEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Reunion-dinner.  
Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

AIR SERV. VETS.—Reunion of all air vets. J. E.  
Jennings, natl. adjt., 337 E. Oak st., Louisville, Ky.  
1st PURSUIT GROUP (SQDRNS. 27, 94, 95, 147, 185  
& 218)—Reunion. Finley J. Strunk, secy.-treas.,  
176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

28TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Jack  
Sullivan, 93 Park st., Springfield, Mass.

72D AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Edward J.  
Duggan, Martin Terrace, Marblehead, Mass.

140TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Paschal  
Morgan, 14 N. Market, Nanticoke, Pa.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion. Jos. J.  
Pierando, 82 Weldon st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

498TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Robt.  
F. Harding, 40 Beach st., Marblehead, Mass.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Write Willard L.  
Johnson, comdr., 4842 Devonshire rd., Detroit,  
Mich.

SELFREDGE FIELD VETS. CLUB—Annual reunion.  
Jay N. Helm, pres., 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

AIR SERV. MECH., 1st, 2d, 3d & 4TH REGTS.—  
Annual reunion, Sept. 23. John L. Cuffe, 21 Mason  
st., Salem, Mass.

SERVICE PROD. Div. Assoc.—2d reunion. Wm. N.  
Edwards, secy., 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

BAKERY Co. 337—1st reunion and banquet. L. E.  
Bancroft, Box 79, Sudbury, Mass.

CAMP ROCHAMBEAU ASSOCIATES ST. PIERRE-  
DES-CORPS—Banquet-reunion. Elmer F. Forest,  
secy., 9 Arbuthus pl., Lynn, Mass.

7TH ARMY CORPS HQ., 3D ARMY—Proposed re-  
union. Dr. L. Lloyd Crites, 1219 River st., Hyde  
Park, Boston.

COS. A, B, C & D, 5TH BRIG. M. G. BN., USMC—  
Reunion. Arthur J. Rawlinson, 46 Central av.,  
Sylacauga, Ala.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—Reunion. Hq. at Hotel  
Kenmore. Ray S. True, 662 Main st., Hingham,  
Mass.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE—2d re-  
union-banquet. Mrs. Anna Pendergast, secy., 232  
E. Water st., Kalamazoo, Mich.

CAMP SEVIER BASE HOSP. ASSOC.—Reunion.  
M. R. Callaway, organizer, Box 873, Dayton, Ohio.

MED. DEPT., ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSP.—Proposed  
reunion-dinner. Edw. C. Jackson, 205 W. 80th st.,  
New York City, or David Esbester, 2 Columbia av.,  
Newark, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 31—Proposed reunion nurses, doc-  
tors and enlisted men. Write Thos. J. Bannon,  
13 Worcester sq., Boston.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Reunion. For  
roster, write J. Frank Burke, secy., 3 Sherwood rd.,  
West Roxbury, Mass.

NAVY RADIO MEN—Proposed reunion. Mark  
Feder, yeoman, 132 S. George st., York, Pa.

NAV. RADIO SCHOOL, HARVARD UNIV.—Proposed  
reunion. Harvard will co-operate. Write Willoughby  
B. Dobbs, 45 Melrose st., Arlington, Mass.

OTH CO., U. S. N. T. S., GULFPORT—Reunion-  
banquet. Paul Klose, Room 407 Municipal Court  
House, Pemberton sq., Boston.

NAV. TRNG. STA., ROCKLAND, ME.—Reunion,  
Kenmore Hotel, Sept. 24. Andy Buntin, 13 Oak-  
ridge rd., Atlantic, N. Quincy, Mass.

S. S. KERWOOD, ARMED GUARD—Proposed re-  
union. Matthew V. Mason, jr., 6 Barnes av., East  
Boston, Mass.

U. S. DESTROYER BARROWS—Proposed reunion.  
Peter E. Cocchi, 25 Malden st., Springfield, Mass.

U. S. S. COVINGTON ASSOC.—Reunion-banquet,  
Hotel Lenox, Mon., Sept. 23. Geo. E. Cummings,  
195 Bowdoin st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. DEKALB—Proposed reunion. Ashley M.  
Smith, 3 Pierce st., Revere, Mass.

U. S. S. DUXIE—Reunion. Dr. R. O. Levell, chmn.,  
Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. GEORGIA—Proposed reunion. Chas. Noble,  
Navy Post, A. L., Fayette st., Boston.

U. S. S. HENDERSON—Proposed reunion. Arthur T.  
Connolly, 151 Payson rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

U. S. S. HONOLULU—Reunion of crew with North  
Sea Mine Force Assoc. Write Ross H. Currier,  
108 Massachusetts av., Boston.

U. S. S. LAKE ELSINORE—Proposed reunion. Robt.  
Hardy, 42 Congress st., Lawrence, Mass.

U. S. S. MOUNT VERNON ASSOC.—22d reunion.  
P. N. Horne, 110 State st., Boston.

U. S. S. O'BRIEN—Reunion. Karl A. Kormaun,  
23 Lakeville rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

U. S. S. PLATTSBURG—Annual reunion. Brent B.  
Lowe, chmn., 122 Bowdoin st., Boston.

U. S. S. RIJDAM—2d reunion-dinner. Jas. F.  
McKeegan, 145 Greenpoint av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. TERAS—Proposed reunion. Write E. N.  
Chalifoux, 1915 E. 86th st., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. S. WATERS—Proposed reunion. Write T. H.  
Stolp, 5404 N. 5th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. WILHELMINA—Annual reunion. Dr. Milo  
M. Sorenson, 1601 W. 6th st., Racine, Wis.

U. S. S. FACONA—Reunion. Geo. J. Geisser, Pub.  
Bldgs. Dept., City Hall, Providence, R. I.

U. S. S. ZEELANDIA—Reunion. Leonard W. Witt-  
man, 1905 E. Main st., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. S. 248—Reunion. Warren W. Burnham,  
1395 Commonwealth av., Boston.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND—Reunion, Sept.  
22. Thos. Small, adjt., 11a Ashland st., Somerville,  
Mass.

AMER. MERCHANT MARINE—Reunion. John  
O'Brien, 14 Salem pl., Malden, Mass.

AMER. VETS. with ITALIAN FORCES—Miss Frida  
Smith, 410 Stuart st., Boston.

2d BN., U. S. GUARDS—Proposed reunion. Wm.  
J. White, City Assessor, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.F.—Annual reunion and  
meeting. For details, write Miss Charlotte L. Berry,  
comdr., 161 V st., N. E., Washington, D. C.

## REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention in Boston, follow:

2d Div. Assoc.—22d annual natl. reunion, Hotel  
Statler, St. Louis, Mo., July 18-20. Ed Decker or  
Bud Melford, chmn., 1739 Ohio av., E. St. Louis,  
Illinois.

SOC. OF 3d Div.—Annual convention-reunion,  
Hotel Philadelphian, Philadelphia, Pa., July 11-13.  
C. J. McCarthy, Box 137 Camden, N. J. For copy  
The Watch on the Rhine, write Harry Cedar, 4320  
Old Dominion dr., Arlington, Va.

3d Div. WEST VIRGINIA VETS.—Reunion, Clarks-  
burg, W. Va., June 8. Don Adams, Box 224, Char-  
leston, W. Va., or R. L. Focer, M. D., 3162 Main st.,  
Weirton, W. Va.

4TH Div. ASSOC., N. and S. CALIF. CHAPTERS—  
10th state reunion, San Diego, Calif., Aug. 11. Write  
"Chuck" H. Yohn, dept. pres., 1789 New York av.,  
Altadena, Calif.

SOC. OF 5TH Div.—Annual reunion, Hotel New  
Yorker, New York City, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Aug. 31 is  
5th Div. Day at Worlds Fair, W. E. Aebischer,  
chmn., Glenwood Gardens, Yonkers, N. Y.

RED DIAMOND ROUND-UP—Reunion 5th Div.  
vets, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.  
Frank Barth, 105 W. Madison st., Chicago.

6TH Div. NATL. ASSOC.—Reunion, Los Angeles,  
Calif., Aug. 25-30. C. A. Anderson, natl. secy., Box  
23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo., or R. E. Moran,  
1281 S. Sycamore, Los Angeles.

YANKEE (26TH) Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual  
natl. convention-reunion, Boston, Mass., June 6-8.  
H. Guy Watts, secy., 200 Huntington av., Boston.

7TH Div., S. CALIF. CHAP.—Reunion-banquet,  
Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 25-30.  
Claude Armstrong, chmn., 1232 Bellevue av.,  
Los Angeles.

SOC. OF 28TH Div.—Annual convention, Lancas-  
ter, Pa., July 18-20. Walter W. Haugherly, secy.-  
treas., 1444 S. Vodge st., Philadelphia, Pa.

29TH Div. ASSOC.—Annual convention, Norfolk,  
Va., Aug. 30-Sept. 2. Wm. C. Nicklas, natl. adjt.,  
4318 Walther av., Baltimore, Md.

DIXIE (31ST) Div. ASSOC.—Reunion, Jackson-  
ville Beach, Fla., June 2-5. John B. Williams, pres.,  
Box 643, Miami, Fla.

32d Div. VET. ASSOC.—Biennial convention,  
Green Bay, Wis., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Ralph H. Drum,  
chmn., Green Bay.

33D Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion,  
Peoria, Ill., June 28-30. Wm. L. Engel, secy., 121  
N. Dearborn st., Room 1022, Chicago, Ill.

34TH (SANDSTORM) Div.—Annual reunion, Sioux  
Falls, S. D., Aug. 10-12. Fred K. Cushman, gen.  
chmn., Sioux Falls.

35TH Div. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, St.  
Joseph, Mo., Oct. 18-20. For roster, report to F. W.  
Manchester, secy., P. O. Box 182, Joplin, Mo.

37TH Div. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—22d reunion,  
Mansfield, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Write Hq., 1101  
Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—22d convention-  
reunion, Montgomery, Ala., July 12-14. Al Hoyt,  
natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

LOST BN. SURVIVORS—Reunion-luncheon, New  
York City, Sun., Sept. 29, with Alaj. McMurtry as  
host. Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New  
York City.

78TH Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Camp  
Dix, N. J., Aug. 16-18. For reservations, including  
sleeping accommodations, meals and entertainment,  
write Raymond Taylor, gen. secy., Box 482,  
Closter, N. J.

80TH Div. (BLUE RIDGE) VETS. ASSOC.—21st  
convention-reunion, Bluefield, W. Va., Aug. 8-11.  
Dr. H. R. Connell, gen. chmn., Bluefield, or Mark



R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

50TH DIV.—Copies Over the Top with the 80th available at one dollar. Rush S. Young, Box 3095, U. S. Station, Washington, D. C.

50TH (Mid-West) Div. Soc.—Annual convention-reunion, Omaha, Neb., Sept. 20. James E. Darst, pres., Municipal Auditorium, St. Louis, Mo.

SOC. OF 17TH INF.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 15-17. Robt. E. Shepler, natl. adjt. & Q. M., 1348 E. 133rd st., East Cleveland, Ohio.

136TH INF.—Annual reunion, Albert Lea, Minn., June 2. Minot J. Brown, Owatonna, Minn.

VETS. 314TH INF.—Annual reunion, Hotel Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 27-29. C. M. Stimpson, secy., 1670 Sheephead Bay rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. Assoc.—Annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 28. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6123 McCallum street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

353D (ALL-KANSAS) INF. Soc.—Annual reunion, Hutchinson, Kans., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Regt. history available at \$1.60. John C. Hughes, secy., 829 East B. Hutchinson.

Co. B, 134TH INF.—Proposed reunion, Allan R. Holmes, 1105 Garden av., Des Moines, Iowa.

Co. I, 140TH INF.—Reunion, in Kennett, Mo., Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Write L. E. Wilson, pres., 3410 Wayne av., Kansas City, Mo.

Co. K, 160TH INF.—Reunion-dinner, San Bernardino, Calif., June 15. L. M. Clickner, 213 E. Temple st., San Bernardino.

Hq. Co., 316TH INF.—Reunion, Legion Home, Catasauqua, Pa., June 8. Harold L. Gillespie, secy., 605 Howertown av., Catasauqua.

341ST INF. BAND—9th reunion, Hotel Del Prado, 53d st. & Hyde Park bldg., Chicago, Ill., June 29-30. M. J. Bovaro, 10823 State st., Chicago.

Co. F, 341ST INF.—Proposed reunion, C. B. Jones, Birchwood, Wisc.

332D INF. Assoc.—19th reunion, Youngstown, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Henry P. Everitt, secy., 76 Como av., Struthers, Ohio.

355TH INF. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Neb., Sept. 15-16. Joe Seymour, adjt., 410 E. 5th st., Grand Island.

Co. B, 359TH INF.—Annual reunion, Gainesville, Tex., Sept. 8. Fred Hopkins, jr., Box 721, Krum, Tex.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. Assoc.—3d natl. reunion, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 13. For roster, write Hq., 411 Essex bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., stating company.

51ST PIONEER INF. Assoc.—Reunion, Hempstead, N. Y., Sept. 8. Write John Mack, Gen. Chm., 133 Willow st., Hempstead.

56TH PIONEER INF. Assoc.—9th reunion, Reservoir Park, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 4. Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine st., Philadelphia, Pa.

59TH PIONEER INF. Assoc.—5th annual reunion, Fort Dix, N. J., Sept. 28-29. Howard D. Jester, secy., 1917 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

127TH M. G. BN. (EX-1ST S. D. CAV.)—Reunion, Watertown, S. D., July 29-31. Harry B. Gordon, Federal bldg., Watertown.

310TH M. G. BN.—Annual reunion, Quakertown, Pa., June 8-9. Arthur S. Anders, pres., 46 W. Saucon st., Hellertown, Pa.

313TH M. G. BN.—21st reunion, Erie, Pa., Sept. 1. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.

Co. A, 331ST M. G. BN.—Reunion, Madison, Wisc., Sept. Fred G. Schreiber, 181 Jackson st., Madison.

11TH F. A. VETS. Assoc.—Reunions, Providence, R. I., and Portland, Ore., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

328TH F. A. VETS. Assoc.—Reunion, Lansing, Mich., June 15-16. Edmund S. Smiley, gen. chm., 121 River st., East Lansing.

VET. GUARD, OLD BTRY. B, 112TH F. A.—15th reunion, Artillery Armory, Camden, N. J., Nov. 9. M. L. Atkinson, secy., 1020 Linwood av., Collingswood, N. J.

BTRY. B, 333D F. A.—To complete roster, report to M. J. Kennedy, 244 Addison rd., Riverside, Ill.

56TH ART., C. A. C. VETS. Assoc.—For roster and to set date for reunion, write to Frank W. Parrish, 20 Grove st., Torrington, Conn.

BRIES. D & E, 64TH ART., C. A. C.—Reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, June 22-23. Write T. E. Watson, 1564 Colton st., Toledo, Ohio, or Homer Crisfield, 180 E. 293 st., Willoughby, Ohio.

BTRY. A, 2D TRENCH MORTAR BN.—2d reunion, Richmond Hotel, Richmond, Va., Sept. 27-29. J. Earl Poultney, chm., 994 Bluff st., Beloit, Wisc.

BTRY. B, 2D TRENCH MORTAR BN.—Reunion, Ft. Caswell and Wilmington, N. C., June 30-July 4. Write Walter C. Aldridge, R. 2, Chattanooga, Tenn.

BTRY. C, 2D TRENCH MORTAR BN.—Reunion, Ft. Caswell and Wilmington, N. C., June 30-July 4. R. L. Bangsberg, 1230 Gerry st., La Crosse, Wisc.

Co. G, 308TH ANM. TRN.—Reunion, Waterworks Park, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Aug. 4. H. L. Zulauf, secy., 136 S. Roys av., Columbus, Ohio.

TANK CORPS VETS. IN OHIO—For roster, write E. T. Huddleson, adjt., Cleveland Bn., 503 E. 108th st., Cleveland, Ohio.

313TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Chamberlain Hotel,

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

2D ENGRS. Assoc.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., July 18-20, with 2d Div. reunion. Francis J. Ryan, chm., 114-45 199th st., St. Albans, N. Y.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS. (RV.)—Annual reunion, Springfield, Mo., June 21-23. Jas. A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS. MOTHERS AND WIVES—22d annual reunion for all 15th Engrs. and families, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 6. Mrs. W. H. Greenway, chm., 1961 Perryville av., Pittsburgh.

19TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Reunion, Altoona, Pa., Aug. 10. Geo. M. Bailey, adjt., 319 W. 28th st., Wilmington, Del.

31ST RV. ENGRS.—12th reunion, Curtis Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., June 28-30. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. George Rempke, secy., 2523 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

52D ENGRS. Assoc. R. T. C.—3d reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., July 27-29. Families invited. C. Gjestvang, comdr., 236 Penn av., S., Minneapolis.

60TH RV. ENGRS. and AUX.—Homecoming reunion, Antlers Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., July 12-14. D. E. and

Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

61ST R. R. ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—3d reunion, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. E. M. Soboda, secy-treas., 932 Roscoe st., Green Bay, Wisc.

309TH ENGRS. Assoc.—17th reunion, Hotel Gary, Gary, Ind., Aug. 9-10. Families invited. Daniel J. Redding, pres., 504 Broadway, Gary.

314TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 9. Vincent K. Kemp, 5889 Lotus av., St. Louis.

319TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 10. K. S. Thomson, secy., 218 Central Bank bldg., Oakland, Calif.

6TH CAV.—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 19-21. O. W. Allen, 616 Poutre av., Schenectady, N. Y.

83D CO., 6TH REGT. USMC.—Reunion, St. Louis, July 18-20, with 2d Div. reunion. Annual "brown bug" attendance contest with 66th Co. Marines.

B. Steve Schwabe, Hotel Elliott, Sturgis, Mich.

96TH CO., 6TH REGT. USMC.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., July 18-20, with 2d Div. reunion. L. B. Malugen, 2708 Arkansas st., St. Louis.

BASE HOSP. No. 22—History ready for distribution, two dollars. V. V. Miller, historian, 2762 N. 53d st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

BASE HOSP. 68—Proposed letter reunion, C. E. "Pick" Furer, 1st Wisc. Natl. Bank bldg., Milwaukee, Wisc.

BASE HOSP. CAMP GRANT ASSOC.—2d reunion, YMCA, Milwaukee, Wisc., Sept. 16-17. Harold E. Giroux, pres., 841 W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.

FIELD HOSP. Co. 127—Reunion, Madison, Wisc., July 20. Jack Brausen, secy., 103 S. Carroll st., Madison.

11TH AMB. CO., 5TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion, Canton, N. C., Aug. 1-2. Guy McCracken, pres., Mrs. Chas. Mease, secy., Canton.

310TH AMB. CO.—14th reunion, Hotel Hildebrecht, Trenton, N. J., June 8. Frank V. Rusling, adjt., Box 73, Livingston, N. J.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV.—21st reunion, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 18-20. Write Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow st., Philadelphia, Pa. Ask about plan of Camp Shelby.

142D AERO SQDRN.—6th reunion, Hotel Shelby, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. L. C. Ehlers, comdr., 127 E. Fort, Baltimore, Md., or Mrs. S. W. Falconberg, 773 Sarcee av., Akron, Ohio.

154TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 10. Harry E. Levy, 6549 Scanlon av., St. Louis.

189TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion, Thos. C. Hayward, 2009 Zimmerman st., Flint, Mich.

1ST MARINE AVIATION FORCE VETS. Assoc.—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 9-11. John B. Macauley, chm., 12800 Oakland av., Detroit.

U. S. NAV. AIR STATION, MONTAUK.—Proposed reunion, Write R. B. Falkner, Crown Point, Ind.

NAV. RESERVISTS, NAV. TRNG. STA., ROCKLAND, ME.—Get-together, Rockland, July 19-21. Andy Bunton, 13 Oakridge rd., Atlantic, No. Quincy, Mass.

U. S. S. Iowa—14th reunion in Aug. For details, write Wendell R. Lerch, Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Leviathan—Reunion, vets of 1917—all who were aboard on first crossing as troop ship—Hot Springs, Mont., Aug. 31-Sept. 1. A. C. Hanson, Box 26, Kalispell, Mont.

U. S. S. Narragansett—Proposed reunion, Thos. D. Phipps, 4587 G st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. Pequot—Proposed reunion of 1919 crew. A. M. Walker, 523 N. B. W., McComb, Miss.

NORTH SEA MINE FLEET—Reunion, New York City, in June. For date, write John Nicholson, 426 E. 110th st., New York City.

BTRY. E, 150TH F. A.—Reunion, Vincennes, Ind., Oct. 25-27. Write C. K. Gregg, 6094 Ralston dr., Indianapolis, for roster.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## OH BOY! DON'T I FEEL GREAT!



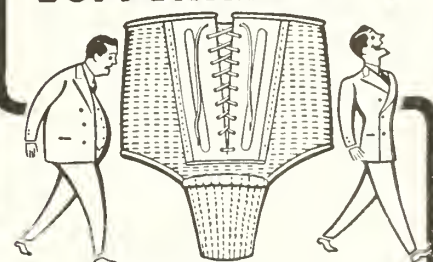
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My present waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_

(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ We stand postage if you enclose \$2.95 now. Mark Box.





# ★ E D I T O R I A L ★

## "...AND TAKE YOUR OWN PART"

GERMANY'S surprise thrust which a few weeks ago allowed her forces to take over Denmark without a struggle and to occupy the southern part of Norway with comparative ease was accomplished through the Trojan Horse method of getting large numbers of Germans into those countries, ready to supply aid to the men in uniform who on the signal quickly appeared on the scene. With a few traitors in important key positions the Norwegians saw their defenses against the invaders rendered helpless, and when the meaning of what was happening dawned on the government, army and people the Nazi forces had consolidated the gains obtained in the lightning thrust, and so far as Oslo, the capital city, and the greater portion of Southern Norway was concerned it was all over but the shouting. Little Denmark, faced with a similar situation, never had a chance.

In all this there is a lesson of the utmost importance to the people of the United States. All our lives we Americans have been saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but because of the two great oceans separating us from the Old World we have, we are coming to see, too readily felt that we were not in danger. East of the Rocky Mountains our people have been inclined to smile patronizingly when the West Coast States and Hawaii felt that the Japanese in those sectors were in many instances preparing the groundwork for a possible invasion of North America by the Rising Sun empire. Talk of the Japanese fishing boats off California and in Alaskan waters, of the multiple Japanese "barbers" in Panama conveniently near the Canal, of the possibility of aliens cutting off many of our great cities from their electric power and water—all these were set down as mere spy-thriller stuff in the E. Phillips Oppenheim manner.

The East and the Middle West are not so sure today that those fears of the West Coast were after all couldn't-possibly-happen nightmares. Mexico, with which we have been at loggerheads over confiscation of American holdings, has offered to emissaries of foreign powers—specifically, Japan, Russia and Germany—a fertile field for propaganda against the United States, and with a presidential election of its own this year to match ours, efforts to fan the flame against our democracy are being intensified south of the border by agents of these powers.

Our naval and military services, thanks to the education of 1917-'18 to which the members of The American Legion were subjected, have been made ready for any contingency the nation is likely to face in the next several months. While pacifists were attempting to whittle at appropriations for national defense in the twenties and thirties the Legion was proving to successive Congresses that appropriations for increases in plant, personnel and matériel for the common defense, far from being provocative and saber-rattling, were national insurance against war. The muddle-headed who wished us to disarm "as an example to other nations" have had their answer in Europe's last ten months. A few months of actual warfare would cost the United States more than the total national defense bill from 1919 to today.

We repeat what we have said so many times since the beginning of this European war last September: The American people are overwhelmingly against taking part in the war, and we won't go in unless and until our national safety is imperiled. If our Monroe Doctrine is flouted we'll fight, and if we fight we'll win. But peace is our watchword, and we don't expect to have to fight for the right of the New World to work out its destiny free from European power politics.

"Fear God and take your own part," counseled that Theodore Roosevelt who sent the Fleet around the world to show that we *could* take our own part—but who also won the Nobel Peace Prize. Without territorial ambitions, with the earnest desire to live peaceably with all nations, the United States today speaks the same language of disinterestedness and good will that it spoke seventy-five years ago in the passage from President Johnson's Annual Message to Congress which is reproduced on this page.

If despite all its efforts to remain at peace the United States is forced into war, there is an insurance against the foes from within who will seek by Trojan Horse methods to deliver us up to the enemy. That insurance is the nearly 12,000 Posts of The American Legion, organized in every county of every State, whose primary reason for being is to uphold and defend the Government of the United States against whatever force threatens that Government's existence. The more-than-a-million Legionnaires know what it will take to make good on that pledge, and they'll go through with it, whatever the sacrifice.

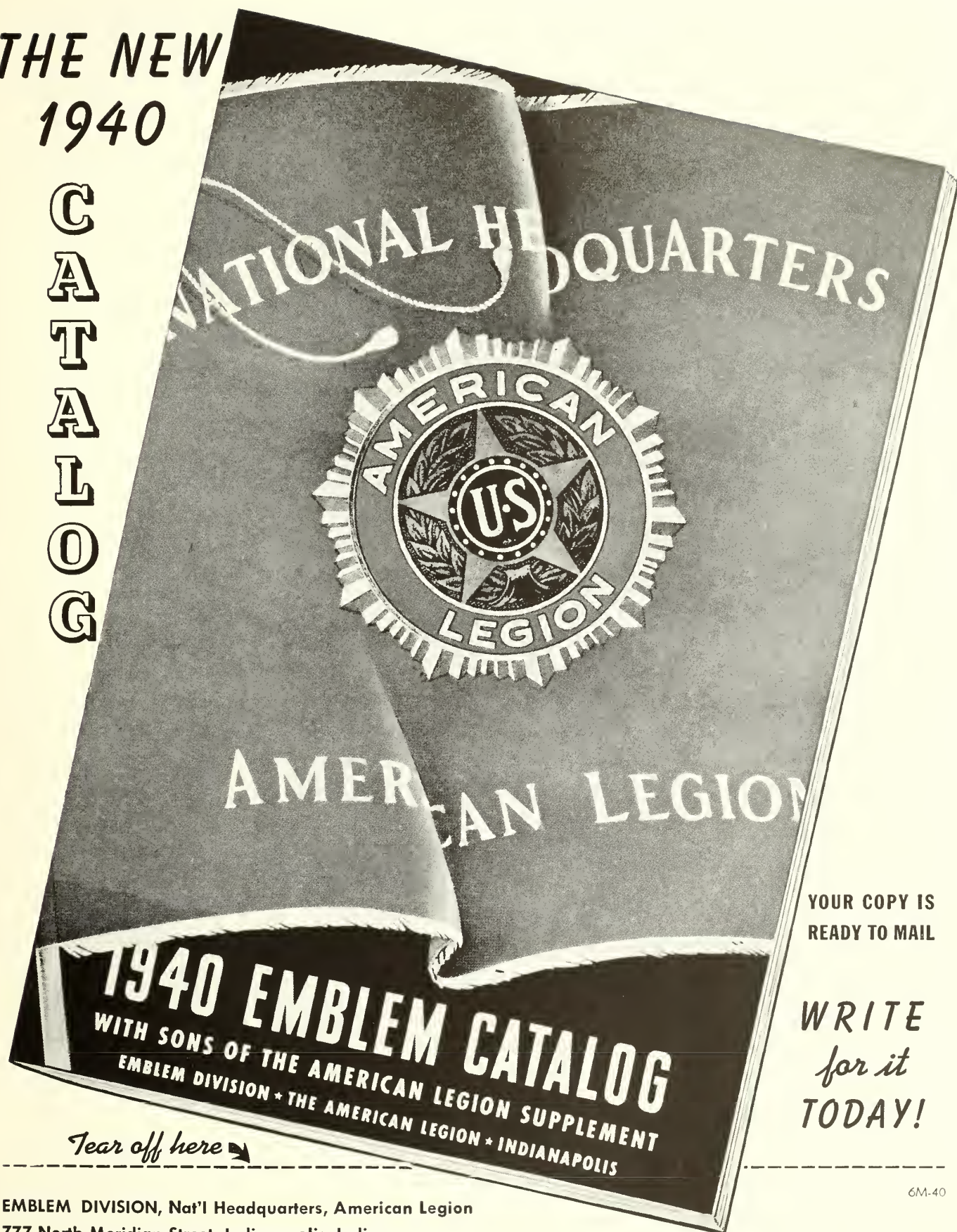
FROM the moment of the establishment of our free Constitution the civilized world has been convulsed by revolutions in the interests of democracy or of monarchy, but through all those revolutions the United States have wisely and firmly refused to become propagandists of republicanism. It is the only government suited to our condition; but we have never sought to impose it on others, and we have consistently followed the advice of Washington to recommend it only by the careful preservation and prudent use of the blessing. During all the intervening period the policy of European powers and of the United States has, on the whole, been harmonious. Twice, indeed, rumors of the invasion of some parts of America in the interest of monarchy have prevailed; twice my predecessors have had occasion to announce the views of this nation in respect to such interference. On both occasions the remonstrance of the United States was respected from a deep conviction on the part of European governments that the system of noninterference and mutual abstinence from propagandism was the true rule for the two hemispheres. Since those

times we have advanced in wealth and power, but we retain the same purpose to leave the nations of Europe to choose their own dynasties and form their own systems of government. This consistent moderation may justly demand a corresponding moderation. We should regard it as a great calamity to ourselves, to the cause of good government, and to the peace of the world should any European power challenge the American people, as it were, to the defense of republicanism against foreign interference. We can not foresee and are unwilling to consider what opportunities might present themselves, what combinations might offer to protect ourselves against designs inimical to our form of government. The United States desire to act in the future as they have ever acted heretofore; they never will be driven from that course but by the aggression of European powers, and we rely on the wisdom and justice of those powers to respect the system of noninterference which has so long been sanctioned by time, and which by its good results has approved itself to both continents.—Andrew Johnson, *First Annual Message to Congress, December 4, 1865.*



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